

THE ALDINE,

THE

ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

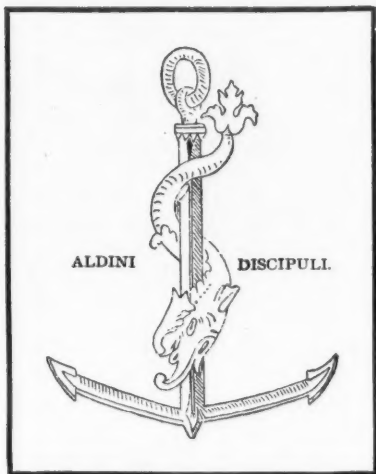


"Il ne faut pas tant regarder ce qu'on doit faire que ce qu'on peut faire."

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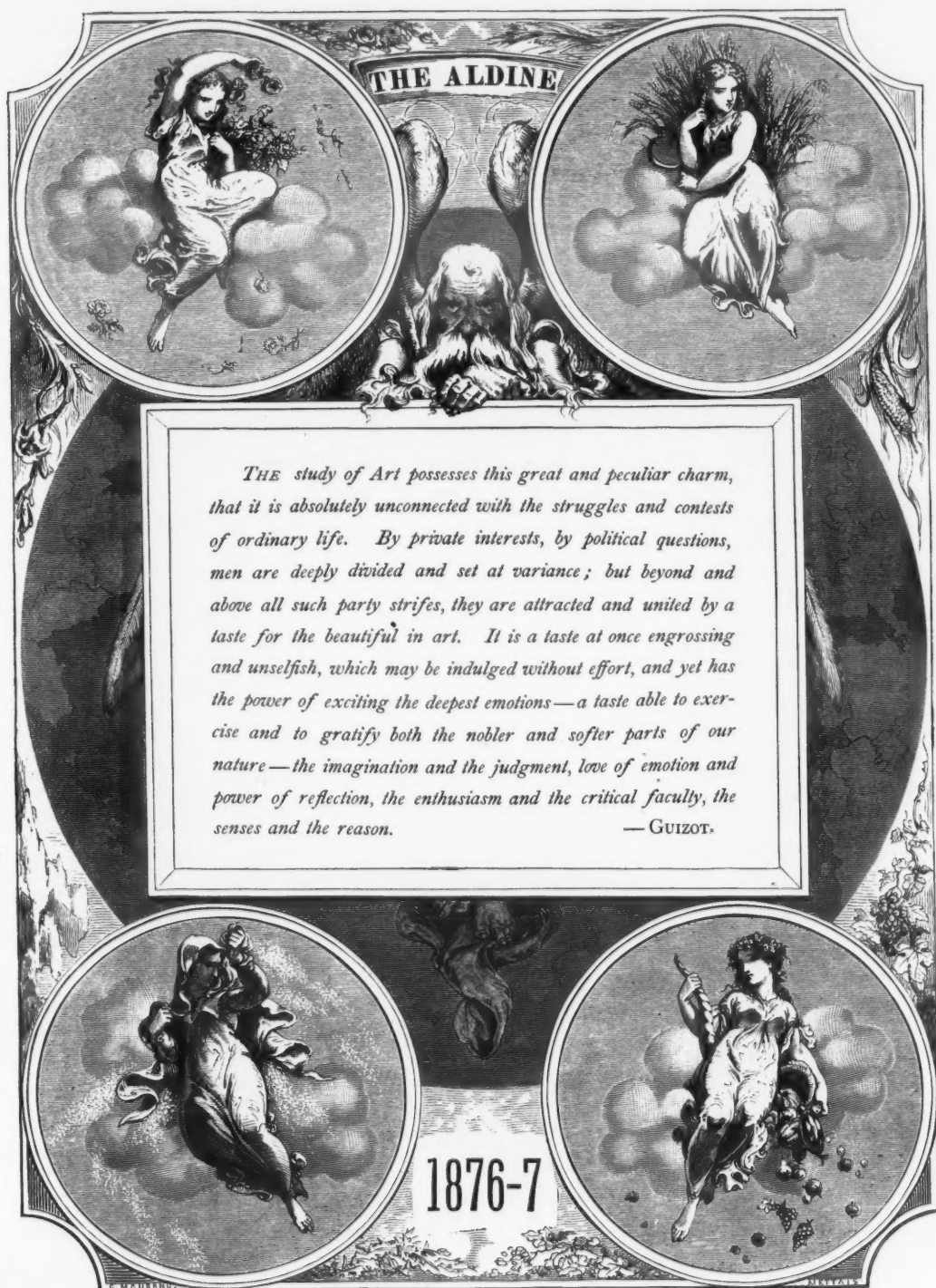
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THE ALDINE

THE study of Art possesses this great and peculiar charm, that it is absolutely unconnected with the struggles and contests of ordinary life. By private interests, by political questions, men are deeply divided and set at variance; but beyond and above all such party strifes, they are attracted and united by a taste for the beautiful in art. It is a taste at once engrossing and unselfish, which may be indulged without effort, and yet has the power of exciting the deepest emotions—a taste able to exercise and to gratify both the nobler and softer parts of our nature—the imagination and the judgment, love of emotion and power of reflection, the enthusiasm and the critical faculty, the senses and the reason.

—GUIZOT.

1876-7



PREFACE.

THE closing of the Centennial Series of THE ALDINE, coinciding as it does with the close of the first and the beginning of the second century of our existence as an independent power among the nations of the earth, brings the mind as naturally as appropriately to the consideration of our present position as a people, in reference to the Fine Arts, as well as to the degree of progress which our first hundred years has brought us. It is plain enough that we are very far from having yet reached a stage of cultivation in the arts which can, by any stretch of courtesy on the part of others, or of national vanity on our own, be asserted to have put us on the same plane as that occupied by the older communities of Europe; to affirm that we had done so would be to deny all the dynamics of social progress and to assert that a people who have had to reclaim a wilderness, found a nation, and provide means for supplying their material wants, had accomplished as much in a single century as others, whose civilization was already old and whose homes were already provided, had been able to do in the five or six centuries since the Renaissance, aided by the traditions and the works left by the many centuries before that period. Of course it may be, and is often enough said, that each century is the outcome—the sum of the achievements, so to speak—of all its predecessors, just as the last book written on a given subject should contain all that is valuable in all previous volumes on that topic; or as the last machine, made to accomplish a certain work, should contain all the possibilities of every other invention for the same purpose; but this argument can have only a limited application, and can be true only to a partial extent in the case of the Fine Arts.

When men are struggling for the means of existence they can do little towards æsthetical development, whether as individuals or as parts of a nation, and this is precisely what the whole American people has been engaged in doing for the greater part of its existence. Under such circumstances the mechanic arts flourish, but for the Fine Arts there is not yet room. With a continent to reclaim from its primitive condition and to cover with well kept farms and great cities; with rivers to bridge, canals to dig, mountains to pierce and roads to build, there was little time for that careful study of nature, that leisurely meditation on the beautiful, without which there can be no art progress, and it is small wonder that a country so circumstanced should find itself behind others whose national wants had been cared for by countless generations of ancestors. The very sharpness of the struggle for existence, however, the necessity which there was for every man to accomplish the greatest possible results in the shortest time, made progress in the invention and manufacture of machinery more rapid, because more necessary than in older countries, where a dense population made manual labor more plentiful and more cheap. Hence, no small portion of our century was lost to art; and yet the very devotion to the mechanic arts, and the production of labor-saving inventions, reacted in the end in favor of the Fine Arts, by making the conditions of life so much easier as to give the time necessary for the cultivation of the higher faculties of the mind; time for the study—in the older countries of the world, where alone they are to be found—of those works of the great artists whom all nations now unite in calling Masters.

Judged, then, by the standard of absolute excellence, it may be admitted that America is still far behind Europe in art matters, but it cannot be denied that we have made great progress; that, relatively speaking, we have accomplished far more than our European contemporaries; and it is also true, for the reasons just given, that we have done this in a comparatively short time, wherefore it is the more remarkable. Nor is it uninteresting or un instructive to look at the causes which have helped on

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this progress—those which have retarded it, as well as the condition in which the century found and left us in regard to the cultivation of the Fine Arts, especially those of Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and their hand-maidens—Engraving and Printing.

At the outbreak of the War of the Revolution we had no art, art-schools or artists. It is doubtful if there was in all the thirteen colonies a picture worthy a place in even a third-rate gallery; there was not a public gallery; there was no opportunity for the most eager youth to study painting or sculpture under anything like competent instruction; and it is not therefore strange that there was no public demand, no market for paintings. If it be true that demand begets supply, it is not less true, especially in regard to works of art, that supply often begets demand, by reason of the education it gives to the people, and by reason, also, of the desire of possession aroused by the mere sight of objects of beauty. Up to the time of which we write the conditions of life had been nowhere in this country favorable to the cultivation of the æsthetic sense. For a century and a half the colonists had been engaged in a constant struggle with nature as well as the savages for bare existence, and had, after all, succeeded in conquering for civilization and cultivation only a narrow strip along a portion of the coast. There were the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, and Charleston, it is true, whose inhabitants made some pretensions to cultivation and refinement; but, as everything not included among the absolute necessities of life had to be brought from England, it was not, perhaps, unnatural that their expenditures there should be limited chiefly to articles of dress and of household luxury, although some ambitious merchant visiting the "Mother country" might possibly bring home a portrait to adorn the walls of his mansion. Away from the cities there was very seldom money to buy or time to study works of art, even had there been any such to look at.

Benjamin West was, to be sure, in London, where his tremendous canvases had already won him repute and entrance to the Royal Academy, of which he had already been eight years a member, and of which he was a few years later the president; but, though West by his genius shed lustre upon his country, and by his patriotism deserved the hearty recognition of his countrymen, he has hardly any other claim to be mentioned in connection with the development of American art—unless, indeed, we consider the instruction he gave Allston, Stuart, and some others might be held to establish a claim, a claim which he must however share with many other artists who never saw America. Trumbull was a youth of twenty, with his way yet to make in the world; Stuart, of the same age, had, it is true, set up his easel as a portrait painter, but he was not yet the Stuart of whom we are now so justly proud; and two years after the Declaration of Independence he sailed for London, where he remained for sixteen years, until the struggle was over and the new government established. The only sculptor we had produced in this country up to 1776 was a woman, Mrs. Patience Wright, a native of Bordentown, New Jersey; but she, like West, had won all her artistic reputation in England, where her admirers compared her to Flaxman—a comparison more friendly than critical, it is to be feared.

Such was the condition of the Fine Arts in our country when our century began, and it may be imagined that the struggles of the next few years gave very little opportunity for art study or the cultivation of the tastes of the people for art. Seven years of war and an equal period of such political and financial doubt, uncertainty and distress as followed during the loosely organized Confederacy, were sufficient to effectually prevent any adequate attention being paid to such things as works of art, which, to most of the colonists, were mere matters of sentiment.

After, however, the adoption of the Constitution, and the successful inauguration of the new government, a change took place; slowly, perhaps, as to results, but more rapidly than might have been expected under the circumstances. At first, indeed, it might have seemed to the casual or the careless observer that the young nation was destined to make rapid strides in the arts, and to place itself abreast of its European contemporaries in cultivation with the same promptness—not to say suddenness—which had marked its advent into the family of nations. No sooner was the nation fairly born, the govern-

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ment established, making it possible for an American to proclaim himself a citizen of the United States—a recognized power—than there seemed to spring up in the minds of a very large portion of the inhabitants, especially in the larger towns and cities, visions of future progress and future glories, vague enough in themselves, perhaps, yet creditable to those having them, and destined to be more than realized, though not in so short a time as was then fondly hoped and expected. It was a sort of mild insanity, perhaps, which possessed the people of the States at that time, leading them to found universities and colleges; to plan, and sometimes to erect, magnificent buildings; to decree monuments to their dead heroes—most of which, perhaps fortunately for us of the present day, were not erected—and to buy and order works of art; but if insanity, it was certainly of a kind not to be condemned, nor were its results by any means hurtful or unimportant, for the impulse had been given which was to bear good fruit in the future, and we can pardon the excess of enthusiasm in such matters—which attempts more than can be accomplished—more readily than the dull apathy which neither does nor attempts anything. Nor were our own people the only enthusiasts. There was, at that time, among artists and literary men a wide spread leaning towards liberalism; and their eyes naturally turned westward, in the hope that the newly born nation was destined to accomplish as much for the enfranchisement of the mind as it apparently had done for the physical liberation of man from traditionary trammels.

As a consequence of this feeling there at once began an immigration hither of such sculptors as Houdon, Ceracchi and Dixey, and an army of painters of perhaps less fame, but not less zealous. Native artists, too, like Stuart, Trumbull and others, suddenly began to come forward and assert themselves, to the honor and glory of their country. An enthusiastic demand for works of art, especially historical pictures and portraits on canvas and in marble, sprang up at once, and found plenty of workers ready to supply it. Many of the productions of that time have been long since very properly relegated to the lumber room, and many of those which have been preserved to us richly deserve, for their artistic demerits, a similar reward, as those who saw them at Philadelphia might testify. Yet these old pictures have a value, whatever we may think of their proper position in the art world. In the first place, they are historically valuable as preserving for us the forms and faces of those who founded our government, showing us what manner of men the heroes of that day were, besides furnishing us evidence of the condition of the arts among us at that time, and so giving us a standard by which to estimate the progress we have made; in the second place, these works were of value in helping to stimulate the desire for works of art; by so doing, making possible and helping along the great task—not yet entirely finished—of making America as richly endowed in treasures of art, as she is in natural beauties. All honor, then, to the artists of those days! When we recall under what disadvantages, and at what odds, they accomplished so much as they did, let there be no sneer for their shortcomings. And honor, too, to their patrons, to whose enthusiasm and liberality we are indebted for these specimens of the labors and the tastes of a by-gone generation.

It was, of course, inevitable that the sort of fever of which we have been speaking should subside, to be succeeded by an interval, of greater or lesser duration, of comparative depression and apathy; wherefore we are not at all surprised that the painting of pictures and the carving of statues became gradually a less remunerative occupation; that most of the foreign artists went home considerably disgusted that the young Republic had not helped them to leap at once into the niches in the temple of Fame which they coveted. Native art, too, languished. The beginning of the present century was pre-eminently the time of political excitement both here and in Europe. Here the government was still an experiment, and all the best energies of the people were bent towards settling, consolidating and limiting its powers and duties. Europe, at the same time, was convulsed by the Napoleonic wars, which caused the United States and the other small nations to suffer as the corn between the upper and the nether millstone, the war of 1812 following as a legitimate sequence, with all its attendant train of financial and commercial evils, and so the first quarter of the nineteenth century passed with comparatively little accomplished in the way of literary or art progress. Not that artists and art lovers had been altogether idle.

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Earnest souls had been hard at work in spite of war and spite of political or financial struggles, and not without effect, although they found but slight encouragement in the way of pecuniary rewards for their labors. They did much, however, and succeeded in keeping alive a certain amount of interest in art culture, when, without them, the light kindled earlier in the century on the altar of the Muses would probably have flickered and gone out.

In 1826 was incorporated by the Legislature of New York the National Academy of Design; this act giving an official and recognized existence to an institution which had been founded some few years earlier as an art school. Of its original incorporators but three survive: Thomas S. Cummings, F. F. E. Prud'homme, and A. B. Durand, who has been called the "Father of Landscape Painting in America." Whether this event gave the needed impetus to the love of art, or was only a result of other forces, it might not now be easy to say; but it is certain that from this time on our progress was steady and sure, although comparatively slow until within the last quarter of a century. We have given at length an account of the condition of the country, in reference to art matters, at the beginning of the century which has just closed, in order that the basis of comparison with our present condition might not be wanting; it is not necessary—even had we the space—for us to give the history of the intervening period. Even to catalogue the names of the artists who added to the reputation of their country, while achieving fame for themselves, by designing buildings, carving statues, or painting pictures, would almost require a volume. Nor is it necessary so to do in order to show, what we set out to show, the improvement attained in a century. Those who visited the Centennial saw the pictures painted by the artists of the early part of the century whom we have named (as well as works by Copley, whom we have not named, he having been, like West, even more English than American), side by side with the works of our later artists; and, although we shall maintain that the best work of our painters and sculptors was not exhibited, yet the show made was amply sufficient to establish for America a place among the art-loving nations of the world.

It must be conceded, we think, by unprejudiced critics that in the line of landscape painting American artists merit a high, if not the highest place, and that in figure and *genre* pieces they take almost equally high rank whenever they have cut loose from conventional ideas. For proof of this we need not confine ourselves to the Philadelphia Exhibition, for the pages of THE ALDINE abundantly prove it. If we have produced but little in the way of historical pictures, it must be remembered that our nation, being not yet very old, its history furnishes comparatively little material for that class of pictures, and it must be also remembered that there is not now the same taste—either here or abroad—for historical pictures that there was in the early part of the century. In sculpture the achievements of American artists have placed them in the front rank of sculptors, so as to make it unnecessary to name either them or their works. It is in architecture that we can claim least progress, and this for a number of reasons, among which the chief is, probably, the rapidity with which we have been called on to build, and the feeling thereby engendered of a certain carelessness in regard to the details of construction or ornament. This, however, is gradually ceasing to be the case, and we may hope in a few years to feel as much cause for just pride in our progress in this as in the other arts.

Nor must we forget a passing mention of the progress which has been made in the arts of engraving and printing, which were, a hundred years ago, in their infancy indeed among us, as well as among other nations, but which have since been cultivated with so much care. And nowhere has there been more carefulness, more zeal, or more talent displayed in this line than in the United States; nor has corresponding success been wanting—a fact to which must be ascribed very much of the improvement in national taste, by the general circulation of reproductions of the best art works of the world, such as it has been and is the mission of THE ALDINE to furnish its readers.

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No. 1.



INSPIRATION.—AFTER ANTIGUA.

THE ALDINE: THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1876.

THE CENTENNIAL NEW YEAR.

It arises out of the future,
Which holds the oncoming years,
In the guise of a beautiful woman
Still beset by her maiden fears,
And yet with an eye of vigor
And a force in her winsome smile,
That bespeak her the true Minerva
And the fate of our land erewhile.

'Tis an hundred years since the fathers,
Invoking Heaven's mighty aid,
Wide proclaimed their contempt for tyrants,
And their flag to the world displayed;
And never since broad on Eden
Broke the sunrise dawn of gold,
Such an hundred years of progress
O'er the gray old earth have rolled.

All the world has been moving onward
With a hurried and eager pace;
And we, of the Western Empire—
Have we lagged at all in the race?
Not so, if a thousand records,
Alike written and spoken well,
May be trusted, to coming ages
The whole truth of our youth to tell.

Not faultless—oh no, not faultless;
For when, through the hot young veins
Has the blood flowed on so calmly
As that fettered by age's chains?
Not faultless—no; but all willing
From discovered error to turn,
And the wisdom of true experience
In the sternest of schools to learn.

With a name and a place among nations;
With an arm that can roundly smite;
But with better and wiser dependence
On the weapons of truth and right;
With a rank in the World of Letters
At which older nations may start;
With pre-eminent place in Invention
And no meaner holding in Art.

So comes the Centennial New Year,
With a gathering from regions wide,
At once to be taught and to teach us
What in truth is a nation's pride;
And well shall it be, if, low humbled,
We sit at Instruction's feet,
Yet still hold the content of true manhood
Where no peer of our own we meet.

To the mem'ry of those who have left us
Fill the New-Year cup to-day,—
And then to the glorious living
Who must cheer and guide our way,
And to her who sits resplendent
In the clouds of our future, the while,
And who blends the calm mien of the goddess
With an earth-born woman's smile!

—Henry Morford.

A DIP INTO PRINTERS' INK.

In many other things has speculation found a legitimate field for those considerations, half droll or altogether earnest, with reference to the past history of inventions and discoveries, besides that celebrated research into the personality and proceedings of the man who first ate an oyster. For, as is very well understood, there are a thousand things, either intrinsically trifling in themselves, or so insignificant beside other details with which they may be employed, as to seem literally of no consequence,—while in point of fact they supply a large part of the foundation of the whole, and without them the great result would be as far from possibility as in the event of the absence of what seems at the first glance infinitely greater. Without doubt, to all minds except those absolutely employed in some branch of the typographical art, such is the case with printers' ink, as compared with the great machinery and the skillful processes through which the wondrous modern results

are achieved—at the same time that scarcely anything connected with the art is of more intrinsic consequence than that dark and sticky composition forming the connection between the types, the paper and the eye, and into which we propose to take a brief "dip," without extending it to a plunge.

Many details with reference to the invention of the presses employed in printing, from the diminutive specimens of Faust and Gutenberg, about the size of a modern copying-press, and with something like the simple mechanism of a modern cider-press, to the massive cylinders, accurate as mathematical problems, and manageable as if instinct with life, on which THE ALDINE is rolled off for distribution to an admiring clientelle, or the more rapid and careless ones on which the great dailies are whirled forth at speed for the commercial eye—many of these details have been preserved and handed down, as of something appealing strongly at once to the senses and the intelligence. And so, in a somewhat less degree, of the types, which began as clumsy wooden blocks, and have become delicate and clear-cut bits of metal, almost ornamental in shape, as quite so in the brightness of their first estate. But what corresponding care of record has been bestowed on the preparation of printing-ink, which has seemed to the average mind quite secondary to all the machinery by and with which it was employed? What cyclopedia lovingly gathers the history and the anecdotes of its manufacture, or traces the steps by which it has become one of the most perfect and costly compounds in existence? In point of fact, who, except those interested in its manufacture, or a few of the more philosophical of those winning livelihoods from its use, pay it any special regard, or consider it anything more than so much "some kind of coloring matter, and some kind of oil"—(which latter may be vinegar, for all that they really know to the contrary)—used to daub upon types and be thence transferred to the paper in waiting for it? Very few, we suspect—the deduction being drawn alike from the paucity of information contained in books which might be expected to treat at length of the history of this manufacture, and the very moderate amount of intelligence on the theme, discovered in an extended line of conversations directed to it. And yet, as before hinted, how utterly impossible would it be to produce an ALDINE of today, or any one of the other art publications following creditably in its wake, had not persistent effort in the direction of improving this material been supplemented by an amount of patient care scarcely necessary in any other walk of manufacture!

It is obvious that the early masters of printing—the carved blocks at first, and then the movable types, accomplished facts—must have experienced some anxiety, and suffered corresponding inconvenience, in finding the medium for transference in making the desired impressions. Equally obvious must it be, even without the aid of the early copies to form the conclusion, that the first printing-inks would have been black, the color furthest from the proximate white of the paper being the one most capable of revealing itself against it to advantage. It needs scarcely more of thought to decide that charcoal, the most common of black substances capable of easy pulverization, and always extensively used for various mechanical and domestic purposes in those southern countries of Europe where printing had its first practical application, would have been the first employed to supply the black base of the mixture,—and that oil of some character, as the liquid with which the color would most readily mix and not liable to quick drying away, would have been the first agent of dilution. Such was the fact, indeed, with both the materials, as we have some data for deciding,—the charcoal varied with mineral blacks, however, and the oil in the early instances that most easily attainable in the same sections—the expressed product of the olive. It was later experience, demonstrating that olive-oil lacked the requisite body for heavy blacks, and, from its thinness, showed a willful propensity to spread into the paper beyond the letters—which led to the subsequent adoption of oils extracted from nuts, or crushed from seeds, the flax-seed oil, or "linseed" of com-

merce, eventually taking the place of all others in the manufacture.

Whatever the nature of the experiments made (and, truth to say, most of them are involved in considerable mystery), certain it is that a very notable progress was achieved quite early in the use of printing, in perfecting the inks necessary for employment on the heavy and often rough paper of the time. Many of the specimens now extant show great fineness of edge in the impressions, with very little running of the oil into the surrounding paper, and a full body of black in the letters—evidencing that the material must have been well chosen and carefully prepared. That it should have shown the latter quality, is only natural, the labor of preparation being considered. All the inks of that day, as is well known, were prepared by grinding on flat stones, after the manner then and now necessary for the fine colors of the painter; and the slow and toilsome character of such a process need not be more than indicated, as a whole nation of preparers, working in that mode, could scarcely have supplied enough of ink, daily, for the consumption of a single great morning paper of the present day. There seems to have been plenty of time for the preparation, however, when the corresponding slowness of use is considered—the only mode of applying it to the types being found, then, as for centuries after, in the sopping of soft leathern balls with the ink, on the stone, and transferring the ink to the types by repeated tappings. Necessarily, the process of printing, with the slow and defective presses of the time, and with the need of such extreme care in manipulation, was also of the most tedious character; and some idea of the contrast of that time with the present, in this regard, may be given in saying that probably all the work of all the printing-presses of the first hundred years after the discovery of printing proper, would not have sufficed to put forth three monthly editions of THE ALDINE, if indeed it would have reached nearly so far in capacity.

It is pertinent, in this place, to say that the especial tutelary saint of this publication, Aldus Manutius, in the perfecting of those works which have since excited the admiration of all ages, and which have induced the adoption of his name as a guarantee of excellence, took no secondary part in efforts for the improvement of the ink which was to supply him so important an agent. Tradition alleges, with great show of truth, that this master spent much time and made many experiments in perfecting his inks, and that for some of the more important processes since combining to produce the (apparent) perfection now arrived at, the world of artistic printing is largely indebted to him. Certain it is, that in the books from his celebrated press, yet preserved, some of the most satisfactory details are found in the wonderful retention of color, and in the sharp-edged impressions, fine grained, and without any perceptible spreading, evidencing all the best qualities then attainable in the liquid medium.

Carefully avoiding any attempt to name all the ingredients employed, throughout the late centuries, or to enumerate the processes involved—it may yet be proper to say that during a long period, and in various countries, for the manufacture of the finer inks, ivory-black (*i. e.*, black made from the burning and calcining of ivory) was in extensive use,—and that at a comparatively early day it was found necessary to boil the oil, and to add resins, by way of thickening it, and eventually to set it on fire and (technically) burn it, to produce the greatest possible amount of strength with almost total elimination of the greasier qualities. During a certain period, too, onions and crusts of bread were thrown into the kettle in which the oil was being boiled, in order to additionally destroy the grease, and thus prevent the spreading of the ink into the paper, when practically used. For the manufacture of colored inks, much affected in religious works, necessarily, with the oil, or, technically, "the varnish," similarly prepared, the various colors, as employed in painting, were brought into use in giving the requisite tint to the ink; but, although fine printing in colors has never been a more

marked specialty of any time than it is of the present, it can not be denied that in comparative perfection the science of plain black printing has far outrun it, and measurably the world of book-production of this day has nothing to do with any other art than the latter.

Various countries, to some extent Germany, but especially France, Holland, and England, vied with each other, through all the last centuries, in the effort to produce superior printing-inks, without much change in the materials employed, and the added excellence being really found in the superior skill of manipulation. At the close of the seventeenth century the manufacture became of sufficient importance to demand the publication of works on the subject; and from that time to the present, though at long intervals, such works have continued to be put forth—always at high prices and by no means intended for general circulation, as a certain privacy, and (so to speak) freemasonry necessarily existed, as to the materials to be selected and the modes of manufacture adopted. Among the most notable of these publications, have been the English one of Moxon ("Mechanical Exercises," 1683); of Fertel (French, 1723); of Breton, printer to the King of France, 1751; of Lewis (English, 1763); of Papillon, nearly at the same period; of Baskerville, in "Hansard's Typographia;" the exhaustive and still celebrated article in the "Encyclopedia Britannica;" Nicholson's "Observations" in his "Dictionary of Chemistry;" Aiken, in his similar work; Rees, in his "Cyclopedia;" the Process, in the French "Manual of Printing," (Paris, 1817); and, perhaps, of more practical value to the manufacture than any of the preceding, "Savage on the Preparation of Printing-Ink," (London, 1832). It is observable that throughout the works named, no serious conflict as to the desirable materials seems to exist, the differences and improvements lying mainly in the processes and manipulations.

With all the works named, and no doubt some minor that have escaped attention, and with all the care and inventive energy displayed toward the production of first-class printing-ink—it can not be concealed that even thirty or forty years ago the art of preparation was only in its infancy—to spring from that stage at a bound, however, at the coming of that day when the improvement became a prime necessity. And in this late and sudden progress to excellence, it has been the lot and the privilege of America to march with the foremost, and in some regards to take precedence of all others. Within the memory of men still living, the inks intended for the very finest printing were imported from France and England, and as much mystery was employed in showing a small specimen of the precious compound that was to work such miracles on the press, as would have been used in allowing a private view of some diamond rivaling the Kohinoor. To-day, keeping pace with the rapid progress which America has made in every department of the typographical art, and with the necessity for such progress involved in the fact that we have demanded far more work than any other nation, and been willing to pay better prices than any other to secure supreme excellence—to-day it is only truth to say that we stand at the head of the manufacture of printing-inks in the world, as we are rapidly assuming the leadership in such other branches of the art as have not been already conquered.

And yet, in America, with all this flattering success won, a very few houses have done the work and achieved the honors. In all the large cities, of course, there have been manufactories of printing-ink, more or less extensive; but what could be called the "great houses" of the trade needed far fewer than the fingers of a man's hand to count. Both Philadelphia and Boston have had their "masters" in the art of ink-making; but, as became its metropolitan position, New York has necessarily held the place of prominence. And even here, two or three houses have done most of the work. To that of Lightbody, more printing-houses, by far, than those of New York, have been indebted for the newspaper-ink disseminated over the whole country on uncounted thousands of sheets, daily. And for such ink, and

its more eclectic, if not more important *succedaneum*, the fine inks of illustrated books and art publications, the same wide extent of country has been under obligations that it should not be slow to acknowledge, to George Mather, and his successors, the firm of George Mather's Sons, who may properly claim, to-day, to stand at the head of this manufacture, in any country in the world. The very idea of luxury in printing seems exhausted, in the use of such inks as the Mathers furnish to THE ALDINE, to secure its evenness and beauty of imprint, at higher cost than any condition applied to the palate of man—*five dollars the pound* an ordinary price, while many times that figure may be reached in those costlier colors with which the dainty cards of the ball or the festival are printed so tastefully. Not much wonder that, with such admitted excellence, the fruit of so many years unwearying experimenting and extensive manufacture, the old story is now reversed by the Mathers, who supply Great Britain with the inks printing the costliest books of her great publishers! Verily the subject is an interesting one, hurriedly as we have necessarily handled it; and verily trade and manufacture have their revenges, as well as history, when the New World can thus be found, through the inventive skill and persistent patience of one of its firms of manufacturers, handing back, with a bow, to the Old, something finer than that Old supplied her in the days when her own immense capacities were only half developed.

—John Thompson, Jr.

A LOVER OF ART AND OF MAN.

IN the death of Mr. William Tilden Blodgett, of this city, which occurred on the 4th of November, 1875, the opportunity and the duty are supplied, of using with reference to him the phrase which heads this brief article, and which the modesty of the man might have repudiated while living. Among the least obtrusive of men, Mr. Blodgett was among the most useful; and his services to the cause of art make a brief tribute to his memory proper, in a publication especially devoted to that interest. Mr. Blodgett spent nearly his whole life "in trade," as the mercantile profession is designated by our Old-World cousins; and he came much nearer, in that avocation, to winning the title bestowed upon the founders of some of the noble families of old—that of "Merchant-Prince,"—than most men who have worn it in the possession of many millions and much popular applause.

Mr. Blodgett was a born New Yorker, though not born in the city to which that phrase is most often applied. He was born at Alexander, Genesee County, New York, on the 18th February, 1824, consequently dying in his 52d year, when many years of usefulness and honor might well have been thought remaining. He removed to the city of New York in 1844, at the age of 20; was at first in the business of flour-commission, with the well-known firm of Dows & Cary; and two years later took a partnership in the great varnish-house of his uncle, William Tilden, the firm then or soon after becoming "William Tilden & Nephew," and the terms upon which the partnership was offered him—that he should double the business—being more than kept, in a few years following, by his quadrupling it, through energy, tact, and unremitting labor in traveling. In the direction of this business, first as a partner and after the death of Mr. Tilden in sole charge of it, he remained to the end,—adding to it directorship in the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the Mercantile Trust Company, and other associations of influence, as well as in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which signalized his devotion to the more eclectic pursuit, and which will indeed remain a monument of his enthusiasm in that direction. He was also a member and patron of the Century and Union League clubs; and his social standing was very lately shown in his prominence in the reception, at Newport, of the English admiral whose presence there made one of the pleasantest excitements of the late season.

For art, Mr. Blodgett's tastes seem to have been very decided and early developed. For many years,

previous to 1870, his house on Fifth Avenue was not only brilliantly decorated with gems from good masters, but the scene of many pleasant artistic reunions. Of late years, owing to the failing health of his wife, and his own being impaired, Mr. Blodgett has traveled or resided much of the time abroad—his virtual home being at Dresden, where art-treasures surrounded him as they could not do at any other point of the civilized world, and where the necessary consequence was the additional cultivation of his fine taste and severe judgment. One of the pleasing episodes of his European life was a trip of many months in the Orient, with boat-life on the Nile, and many other features of that class of travel so little known to the ordinary tourist.

If it can not be claimed that Mr. Blodgett originated the Metropolitan Museum of Art in this city, it is at least sure that he was *one* of the originators, corporators, and most liberal subscribers. He purchased for it, in Europe, the Belgian and Flemish collection of early paintings, advancing the money from his own private means, and conferring a lasting benefit on the American art-world by the act. Besides this, and his liberal assistance toward the National Academy of Design, he was a most extensive and enterprising purchaser of fine pictures on his own account, including the works of the best masters (at home and abroad). Church's "Heart of the Andes," and many of the best works of Huntington, Gifford, the Harts, Eastman Johnson, and other American artists, have been his valued property; and so of Gérôme's "Pride of the Harem," and many fine works by Rosa Bonheur, Couture, Meissonier, Louis Knaus, Troyon, and others of eminence in the European world. His collection of paintings, at the time of his death, might have been cheaply valued at a quarter of a million of dollars; and the general regret at the death of a man of warm heart and generous impulses is enhanced by the knowledge that had he lived, a new residence on Fifth Avenue, large enough to hold all his art-treasures, and its galleries open to all lovers of the artistic and the beautiful, would before many years have enriched the city, benefited the world, and crowned a life in all respects useful and honorable.

"SHOOTING THE RAPIDS."

THE forcible representation, with the above title, in the present number, is from the pencil of Verner, of Toronto—an artist who has few rivals in depicting Indian life and character, and an enthusiastic student of his specialty, full of true artistic feeling. He is, it should be said, a leading spirit in the Toronto Art Union, in the existence of which there lies a very promising future for art in the Dominion, and about which we shall have something more to say in the early future. Meanwhile, and with reference to the illustration before us, there is really much more involved than meets the eye, well as the picture tells its story. "How easily he does it!—it does not seem to be much trouble to do it!" are two expressions very often heard in connection; and yet they are really as far apart as the poles. It is quite correct to say of the Canadian half-breed or Indian in his birch, dealing with the seething rapids of the Ottawa or the St. Lawrence, that "he does it easily," because long habit has made the practice almost second-nature; but it would be equally incorrect to suggest that there was "not much trouble in doing it," as the experimenter would learn to his cost. The fact is, that the canoe-man, descending one of these perilous rapids, requires precisely the same quick eye, close calculation and ready hand, that is required by the surf-man making a landing through heavy surf on the sea-coast. Doing it exactly as it should be done, at the right moment and with the boat guided to a hair's-breadth, it may be done safely and without apparent effort: with the least miscalculation, undue haste or hesitation, in either case, there is an upset boat and a serious dampening if nothing worse. "Everything in knowing how!" says an old adage; and in nothing is it more strikingly true than in the management of a boat in dangerous surf or perilous rapids.



THE LOVE-LETTER. — AFTER MEYER VON BREMEN.

"INSPIRATION."

PERHAPS no more ludicrous image can be presented to the eye or the mind, than that of some clod-hopper (be the same male or female, and the place of residence country or city), infected with a fancy that he, she, or it is the possessor of heaven-born talent, and biting the top of a pen, or rolling a wall-eye to the ceiling, while waiting for those words that come so slowly and mean so little when they arrive! And perhaps there is really no sublimer image than that of the possessor of true inspiration, in the same employment, and likewise pausing, but not to wait for words — only looking up through the golden mists of fancy, to see more closely the shapes of beauty rolling there, and seeking meanwhile to assort and choose

the best from that literal flood of pearls coming to the inspired out of the world unknown. Of this latter and nobler class, in every quality and detail, is the subject of the glorious picture, drawn on wood by John S. Davis, after Antigua (Jean Pierre Alexandre, born at Orleans, France), and bearing the appropriate title of "Inspiration." The beauty, and almost the power, of a young god, sits on the face of the writer; and it is not much to hazard the assurance that what he writes will both ennoble and enrapture the world. Indeed, such effects could not well be missing, in an effort from the pencil of Antigua, whose force and correct drawing are both well recognized, and who, in a large picture in the Luxembourg, of mother and children in a burning building, affrightedly waiting and hopelessly hoping for succor,

is admitted to have taken rank among the very first of modern painters. "Inspiration" will find many admirers, and deserve them — subordinating the physical to the spiritual, but admirable in both, and altogether a work filling the sense of satisfaction.

A LOVE-LETTER WIDELY READ.

No artist of the present century has managed to creep closer to the European heart — the critical as well as the emotional — than Meyer von Bremen, the German painter, gems from whose hand, counting for much more than their weight in gold, enrich some of the best British and Continental galleries, and have been in a few instances brought to America by the enterprise of Schaus, Knoedler, and wealthy art-



THE PARDON. — AFTER LEON PERRAULT.

lovers. Alike in conception, treatment and finish, this artist is admirable; and we have the pleasure of conveying only a less degree of satisfaction than would be found in showing one of his fine originals, in giving, this month, his "Love-Letter," copied with rare fidelity. Charming girls, of the blonde and brunette type, are the two here presented; and nothing can excel the ease and naturalness of their positions and action. Thoroughly pleased, and yet a trifle disposed to play the coquette, is the blonde reader and owner of the precious epistle — with daintily molded hand, and budding lips that seem almost inviting a kiss, even on the paper; but more than thoroughly pleased, and without any intention of concealing her pleasure, is the brunette friend thus admitted to the sweet confidence. A charming picture, and one for which our readers will thank both the painter who has designed and painted with such

rare skill and feeling, and the artist who has introduced him to so many debarred sight of the original.

"THE PARDON."

SELDOM is a domestic story more sweetly or more touchingly told, than in the picture of the above name, from the original of the popular Continental artist, Leon Perrault. These are no lay-figures: the sad-eyed mother, with the mischief of happier hours yet half-breaking from under the closed lids; the sweet daughter, who in some childish peccadillo believes that she has sinned almost beyond forgiveness, but is reassured by the loving pressure of the mother's hand, drawing her to the fond maternal breast; and the baby, as yet too young for any of that mischief which is sure eventually to bring him into corresponding disgraces with corresponding loving forgiveness.

A sweet group, altogether, appealing to every heart that has ever known the pains and pleasures of loving and being loved — of sinning and being forgiven!

HEART-STARVED.

"SHE died of overwork." I answered, "Nay, Work that is wrought in happy heart-content, Kills seldom. I, who know her best, must say She died of real heart-hunger — what is meant When stones are given for bread. Her life's intent Seemed thwarted, and her warm, sweet nature, strung To finest harmonies, was hourly stung By silent disregard and cold neglect. It was not that her sky of life was flecked With clouds — whose is not? but one shadow lay, Dense, dark, immovable about her way: The frowning shadow of a face she loved. Feeding on husks, the sweeter grain denied, But thriving not, she pined away and died.

— Anne F. Bradley.

WINTER.

FLING open wide the arctic door,
And let the hoary king go forth;
The shrieking blasts rush on before
The aged chieftain of the North!

Right royal is his lengthened tread,
The carriage of his crested head,
The cold, keen splendor of his crown,
The angry rustle of his gown.
He meaneth ill: his eyes they are
As bright and silent as the star;
His minions clang their frosty chains
To please his ear with freezing pains.
He hath no mercy for our prayer,
This grisly monarch of the air!
He loves the moaning of the limb;
The hedges cry, beseeching him,
And waters turn an icy eye
As sullenly he strideth by.
Ah, well the snow lies on the flower,
And sleep hath shown her gentle power;
Ah, well it is the maiden rose
Is dreaming under quiet snows.
Grim Winter hath his wicked will,
And marshals now the hosts of ill;
His glance is like the glance of steel,
And death is harnessed to his heel.
How male and mighty is his mien,
A prisoned prince his hands between!
Hark! How the wrangling tempests roar
About the threshold of the door.
"Thy chieftain comes!" the heralds cry.
Lo, gray old Storms, from where they lie,
A horde of ragged shapes, arise
And stare upon his awful size.
Now out they leap and thunder down
Upon the valley and the town;
In havoc wild, their chieftain 'round,
They rush, and wrench the very ground.
Aha! They mean the trembling world
Shall be to hasty ruin hurled.
Abroad they ravage and they roar;
Their leader stretcheth on before.
Pray that the heart of earth keep warm,
And beat beneath the warring storm.
The naked wood may meekly moan,
Deserted bowers sigh so lone,
The hollow grieve and grieve again,
The melancholy mead complain.

But who shall bar the arctic door,—
Forbid the hoary king go forth?
Beware! The blasts ride on before
White Winter, Monarch of the North!

— John Vance Cheney.

THE SPUR OF MONMOUTH.

THE BRITISH WINTER IN PHILADELPHIA.

OCCASIONAL glimpses have already been caught, in historical and other recitals, of the British in Philadelphia, during that single winter which they were permitted to spend in the Quaker City, in contradistinction to the long period which, as is well known, they more or less enjoyed in the city of New York. But any picture of the time and the events distinguishing it must remain signally incomplete, without some attempt at bringing the incidents of that winter in the city on the Delaware more closely to the attention of the reader—the personal relations of men of that day being again materially depended upon, though the pen of the historian and the pencil of the illustrator have done more to preserve the salient features of that occupation than almost any other period of the Revolution.

Beyond a doubt, before the entry into Philadelphia, the British officers, of whom a large proportion are always connected with the nobility or the gentry, the army at that time supplying rather an exemplification of the rule than an exception to it,—had begun to be somewhat sickened of the long campaign "among the savages," as many of them designated the employment in America. They had enjoyed what might be called the "run" of the one large city of New York, as already shown, for a long period; but the truth must be told in saying that they had never found it materially to their taste, the average feeling of the inhabitants being unmistakably rebellious, and the fairer half of the population, especially, so pronounced in their devotion to the patriot cause, whenever not deterred by absolute fear of ill-treat-

ment for such an expression, that the beaux of the royal army habitually found it difficult to enter favorably what could be called the highest classes of society, and were obliged to waste their devotions and their protestations on those who, under other circumstances, would have been passed as far beneath the loyal notice. Not that this was universal—only general! New York owned many loyalists of wealth and position; but they were so far outnumbered by those of the same class of patriotic tendencies, that the fashionable atmosphere of the captive city could not be otherwise than unpleasant and threatening in the main. Ever, from the first day of occupation, the fact seems to have been recognized, that a steel spring of patriotism lay beneath the repressing hand of royal power—that, that hand once removed, the spring would assert itself almost on the instant, in demonstrations the reverse of loyal—and that, whatever the beauty of the women of the city already then the commercial capital, and the convivial tastes of many of their fathers, brothers and lovers, the declared loyalist who moved among them was always treading over a mine of uncertainty, which might at any moment work effects the most disastrous. It may be traveling beyond the record to say so much; but the Empire City of this day, grown from the New York then not yet entirely emancipated from its old traditions of loyalty, has ever retained some of the same features of uncertainty as to the bias of its citizens at any given moment, socially or politically,—of doubt as to what may be the line of conduct assumed within the briefest of succeeding periods.

It has before been said that no such uncertainty seemed to exist with reference to Philadelphia, where the patriotic sentiment was either far less general or far less declared, spite of the heaven necessarily disseminated by Franklin, Morris, Rittenhouse, Read, and their many and worthy *confrères*, in forming the early public opinion of that colony, now become one of the States of the Confederation. How much of the calmness with which the second city of America allowed herself to lie beneath the hand of the conqueror, could be credited to the tenets of the Society of Friends, habitually disposed to endure for the time without any open manifestation of disapproval—how much of it could be ascribed to an actual sentiment of loyalty to the old government, the new as yet only an experiment, with scarcely flattering results—how much was the effect of the late royal successes, with few advantages on the part of the patriots to counterbalance them, and with absolute reason to fear that the long effort to overthrow the authority of the mother-country might, after all, prove to be a disastrous failure,—how much each of these feelings, with others more markedly exhibiting self-interest, may have had to do with the general fact, it is as yet too early, or possibly already too late, to decide. But the fact existed, that during the occupation of Philadelphia by the royal army, far less of discomfort was experienced, and far less of an openly hostile atmosphere was encountered, than seemed continually to be met in that New York built to baffle calculation. A strange problem, perhaps, and one only to be solved through a close study of geographical and military surroundings,—that the city which appeared so quiet under the conquering hand, should only have been held for a few poor months, with little or no advantage even in that retention—that the troublesome and disloyal city should have been held for as many years as the other occupation numbered of months! And yet what history, and especially what warlike history, is not full of such anomalies?

Not that the occupation was all Elysian: the surroundings of no hostile army, in all history, have been so. We have already heard of false alarms and false calculations—of weary marches that promised everything, to accomplish nothing. We have seen, already, how genuinely red was some of the blood flowing through the else-cool veins of the Philadelphians. There was more than one Lydia Darrah, to whose laborious and self-sacrificing patriotism there is no need to call renewed attention. And Mary Pemberton can not have borne a character much more savory in loyalist nostrils, however noble the stock

from which she came—seeing that, as highly objectionable to the ruling powers, and so to be punished as well as reprehended, her coach and horses, among the finest then in the city, were seized by Sir William Howe, and kept for his own use during the occupation, that commander making something of a boast of riding in public in the confiscated conveyance.

Not an Elysium, Philadelphia, that winter of 1777-8. No.—For history will not soon forget the Provost Prison, on Walnut Street, near Sixth, used by the infamous Provost Captain Cunningham for the incarceration of the patriots taken at Brandywine and Germantown, to whom it would appear that he labored to make their prison a worthy rival to the New York Sugar-House, in privation and cruelty, and many of whom, to quote burning words that have since been uttered by a careful authority, "died of starvation, after feeling the lash of Cunningham's whip, or the force of his heavy boot, and were buried in the Potter's Field near by, now the beautiful Washington Square."

Not an Elysium, either, in the matter of freedom from annoyance, however little effect such annoyance may ultimately have had upon the national cause. The world has thus far known but one "Battle of the Kegs," deriving its title from the facile fancy of the author of the poem of that name, Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence,—but for some hours of that January night no jest to the British, whose vessels were threatened by the kegs of burning combustibles sent floating down the river, and all whose marksmanship was ludicrously devoted to their annihilation.

And yet, as already said, Philadelphia, during the few months of its occupation, was undoubtedly by far the pleasantest place of sojourn known by the royal army during its whole career in America. It came nearer to quiet, during that time, than any other place had been, when similarly situated. It had much wealth, only a small proportion of which the fleeing patriots could possibly carry away. It was surrounded by the richest agricultural country of the Middle States, whence, with whatever difficulty, supplies could be more easily drawn than from any other section. While thus backed and supported by a wide fertile region, it had the river, the bay and the sea within reach, enabling all land operations to be covered by the movements of the royal fleets, except when the ice closed that channel of communication in the mid-severity of winter. It offered unexceptionably comfortable residences, from many of which the patriot proprietors had fled away after Germantown, for the occupancy of the commander-in-chief and his officers—and far better facilities than any other city of the continent could have afforded for the disposal of the common soldiery. And, of no secondary consequence, at least to the titled and the epauletted, who (let the truth be told in their favor as against them) dawdled so naturally in peaceful hours while they fought so well on occasion—though a large proportion of the patriot wives of the city had accompanied their husbands in fleeing before the advance of the victorious army, not a few of the indomitable and the doubtful remained; and there was no lack of the youth and beauty of womanhood, for which the Quaker City was already celebrated in that day, as it remains to the present.

Touched, of course, with that peculiar tinge inevitable to the festivity of the conquered, Philadelphia was yet unmistakably gay during the winter of the British occupation. Theatrical amusements, somewhat defective in a public sense, were notably well supplied by the officers of the royal army, many of whom had won no limited triumph on the amateur stage in the land of their nativity. Foremost among the performers, and eminently conspicuous as the writer of any needed interlude or desired alteration, was Captain Brevet-Major John Andre, who largely, in that way, became among the best known of the royal officers, even by those who would else have recognized him but indifferently. Balls and routs were of frequent occurrence and careful preparation, the attendance compounded, as always under such circumstances, of the three great classes—those who



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.—F. A. VERNER.

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were well pleased with the presence of the army, and made no scruple to show their devotion to the then momentarily predominant interest; those who considered it the part of policy to seem pleased at festivities that really galled them to the quick with their omen of the British success and the patriot misfortunes; and those (always a large proportion in any community strongly divided in sentiment) who cared little or nothing for one cause or the other, and who were ready to welcome any entertainer who furnished lights, music, and the moderate indulgences of the festival supper, without any effort or expenditure required of themselves. In the days long after, when the violence of revolutionary rancor had measurably subsided, and when it was much to be able to boast having shared in the events of that memorable time, without too close inquiries being made into the political position then held by the participant,—many a vaunt was made, by belles whose tresses began to be blended with the gray of advancing age, of having shared in the entertainments of 1777-8, given so freely by Sir William Howe and his officers, as never again were any given by those bearing arms for the same power, on the soil destined and consecrated to freedom.

But, bright and boastworthy as were these recollections in the general, recalling them in the after days, to none other could the participants look back with the same pride, as to having shared in the mad extravagance of the Mischianza, the most gorgeous of the royal entertainments, as literally the last, and in some regards, even up to this day, unparalleled on the western continent. No other social event, during the Revolution, equaled it in oddity, and it may be said that no other approached it in the audacious splendor of many of its appointments.

This festival, of which the very name, if it had any meaning, conveyed the Italian idea of a mad and irresponsible revel, was held in the stately Wharton Mansion, standing on what is now Fifth Street, in the neighborhood of the Navy Yard, on the day and night of the 18th May, 1778, in honor of Sir William Howe, then on the eve of departure for England, and his brother, Earl Howe, the naval commander—no dream, even then, in the mind of either, that another "departure," little less than a flight, was so soon to be made by the brilliant officers who took part in it, and by the army itself, away from Philadelphia, across the Jerseys, for New York and at least temporary safety. Decades were yet to elapse before the Duchess of Richmond's ball, at Brussels, and the booming of the guns of Waterloo; and the poet who was to make that scene immortal was yet far from the date even of his birth. But "history repeats itself," as we have long ago learned by axiom and example; and the instances have not been rare on its pages, of the wildest revelry forerunning the saddest and most solemn earnest to those who shared in it.

Six months of inaction and necessarily lax discipline, had not only loosened the *morale* of the body of the British army, but produced no less effect upon the officers, sharers in the more pronounced of the dissipations of a time which tolerated the insertion of grossly immoral and indecent advertisements in the public journals, shamelessly published by those wearing the epaulettes of the royal service. And it may well be believed, that when the announcements of the coming event spread abroad throughout the city, and the elaborate ball-invitations, designed by the hand of the ever-active Andre, reached the favored fingers of those who were to be sharers in the night-festivities, the human material for the revel, so prepared, was found in glad readiness for the occasion. Beyond a doubt, the Swiss-Briton, in whose letters we have one of the fullest descriptions of the event, was in his highest pride on that day of days and night of nights; beyond question, the placid satirist, Sir John Wrottesley, enjoyed one of the most glorious of his many opportunities; and equally beyond cavil, the stately Sir William, well satisfied with America, and content to return with his already gathered laurels to the land of his birth, was all the better satisfied to do so, and to leave future operations in the hands of his "short, fat friend," Sir Henry Clinton, with this

splendid farewell evidencing the supposed estimation in which he had been held by those under his command.

Into the details of the Mischianza this chronicle has no call to enter, though its mention was unavoidable as one of the features of the special time traversed by it. By day it was a regatta, most oddly and yet luxuriously appointed, on the Delaware, with its rallying-point very nearly at what is now the foot of Vine Street on that river, followed by a tournament, in a neighboring square, with the fantastic given full rein in sham knighthood and mock warfare. By night it was the maddest of revels, in the old Wharton Mansion, continuing the blending of the modern and the antique, in the appointments of the ball-room, and the use of the chivalric jargon of the tournament in the names of knights and ladies, enrolled under the somewhat singular divisions of the Blended Rose and the Burning Mountain.

Ah, well—long since the glories of the Mischianza, alike of the wave, the lists and the ball, have faded, in the flight of nearly one hundred years and the close-following defeat of those who conceived and conducted it. There is a certain interest, to-day, in recollecting that the chosen lady of the doomed Andre, on that occasion, was a Miss Chew, of the family giving name to the old stone house so fatal to the patriot army at the battle of Germantown—that his squire was his younger brother, then but a stripling of nineteen, afterward knighted by King George, as a concession to the services of the family—and that among the ladies prominent on the occasion, was Miss Margaret Shippen, daughter of the loyalistic Edward Shippen, believed to be the object of Andre's special devotion, in late-arrived forgetfulness of the lost charms of Honora Sneyd—afterward to become the wife of Benedict Arnold, the intermediary of the British officer's connection with Arnold's treason, and literally his fate and doom.

Closing here this hasty general reference to the "British winter in Philadelphia," as it became known in the verbal calendar of the men of the Revolutionary time, there will be immediate occasion, once more, and in connection with it, to meet Margaret Shippen, credited with being the temptress of the great treason, and John Andre, made a hero by mistaken history in the belief that he was led blindfold into the black circle of the guilt of Arnold.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WILLOWS AND THE MAGPIE.

From the Norwegian of Wergeland.

You know there are among the willows two kinds, one of which stretches its branches straight up in the air, the other drooping them, as if sorrowing, toward the earth. But once these, too, spread out their branches like most other trees; like the shadowy oak, the domed maple, the stately elm, the sunny linden, and the friendly, silver-shining birch. But through sin and sorrow they were changed. I will tell you how it happened, and how frail the willow was.

Two willows, who were very fond of one another, stood in all their original beauty on each side of a church-yard gate, their glittering boughs beautifully entwined, their crowns of laurel-like leaves bending toward each other in the breeze. It was Sunday. The singing in the church ceased. First came the congregation, two by two; then the parson, in conversation with the old sexton. But what was the matter with the sexton to-day? Was it the conversation, or the invitation to the parsonage, or had he grown dull with age? Whatever it was, he walked on. The congregation followed a little way, then dispersed, every one to his own home. And the sexton forgot to close the church.

"Kekekeke!" chattered a magpie, hopping on the church wall underneath the willows, as if with the innocent intention to gather bits of straw and twigs for his nest. "Kekekeke! kekekeke!" But his chattering told of something different from that as he hopped to and fro, bobbing his tail and looking up askance, as if he were watching something. Yes,

that was it: he was watching the parson and the sexton, and for the last glimpse of the congregation, which now turned down the road and disappeared.

Then, "Kekekeke," and pop he flew in through the church-door, and a few seconds after returned with the silver chalice. A few drops of wine dripped from it yet, and where they fell little roses and forget-me-nots blossomed forth. "They might betray me," thought the thief; and then he flew first around the church, until the last drop had fallen, so that the church stood within a wreath of beautiful flowers; then into the densest part of one of the willows, hiding the chalice in the heart of the tree, where the shoots were thickest.

"Dearest willow," said the magpie, "if any one should ask you whether you know where the chalice is, will you deny it, and swear to it, if it comes to that? I will fly to heaven and fetch thee gold of sunshine to gild the face of all your leaves with, and silver of moonlight wherewith to silver them underneath; and you shall become the fairest tree in all the forest."

This was something worth listening to. In vain the other willow whispered: "Oh, don't, don't, Siljemi, dear; oh, don't!" The chalice stood pressed down tightly among the inner branches, and the magpie was already hopping on the roof of the church.

But the next day, when the sexton bethought himself of his forgetfulness, and out of breath came to the church, he and the parson were filled with alarm. At once both hastened to the village to find out about the chalice. But no; all denied the knowledge of it. Cattle and horses flourished their tails and ran across the field; the sheep shook their heads as if they had got water in their ears; the goat moved his from one side to another; fox Reynard cursed and swore, for he knew they would not believe him otherwise. The trees waved their crowns; the echo laughed in the mountain caves; in short, all nature denied to know anything about the chalice. In despair, the parson and the sexton came back to the church; and, at last, asked the willow. Then a struggle was going on in the innocent one who in vain had warned its beloved. Should one betray the other, and thereby lay the ax to its root? The magpie stood on one leg on the roof, with his head under his wing as if he slept; but now and then he peeped up in order to see what would happen.

"Don't you answer?" the parson once more asked the willow.

"Don't you answer the parson?" said the sexton.

"Kekekeke," chattered the magpie, looking on from the roof. Then, all of a sudden, the willow raised its boughs and swore—swore that it knew nothing of the chalice. But down again it could not get its perjured branches. It stands so to-day. And since that time the magpie chose it as the best place for his nest, below which are always dead and withering shoots.

But the other willow? Alas! when it beheld the sorry deed, saw that the vain but beloved one raised its branches to swear falsely, it bent its top to the earth, and as yet stands the weeping willow drooping over the graves.

—John Volk.

CHANSONETTE.

Oh, little hands that mark the hours
Which drag so wearily,
Fly faster round thy circle, fly,
And bring my love to me!

Oh, pendulum, beat the moments out
In quicker measures free,
And haste the happy, joyous day
He shall return to me!

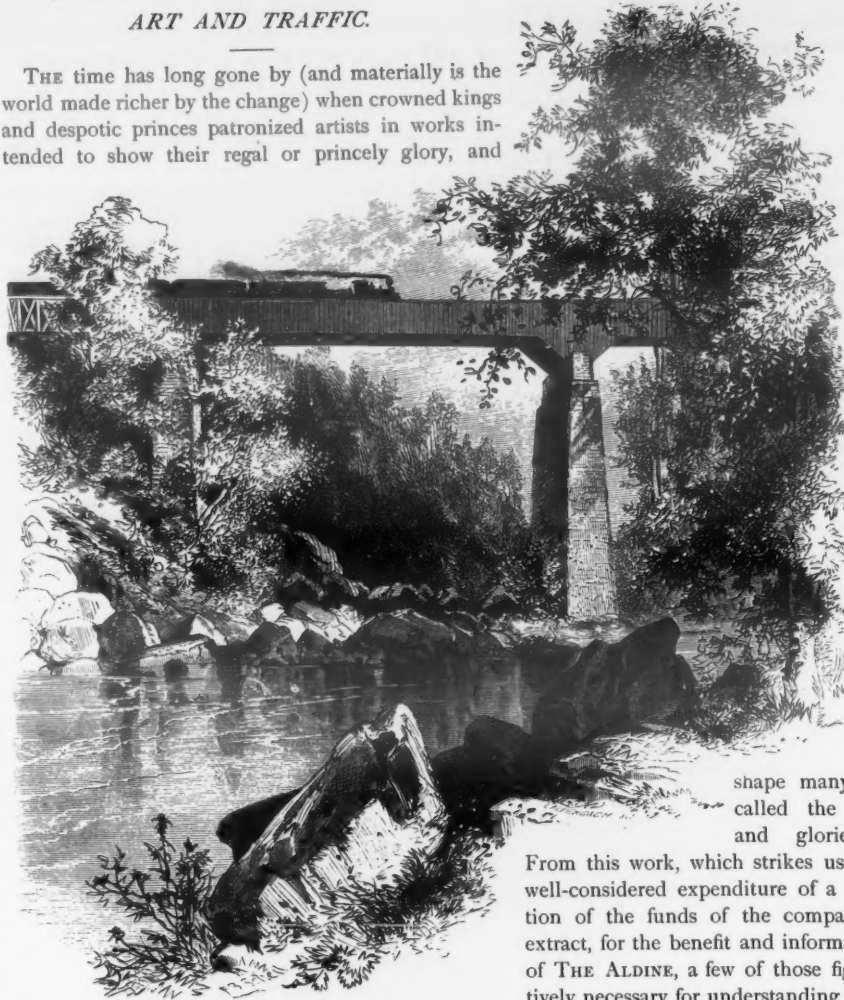
But, ah—when here, then, tardy hands,—
Then, may ye laggards be,
And loiter, linger round the hours
That such true pleasure see!

Then, pendulum, swing, and softly sing
Time's old, old song to me,
To charm the fleeting moments which
My heart shall beat, with thee!

—Augusta von Bubna.

ART AND TRAFFIC.

THE time has long gone by (and materially is the world made richer by the change) when crowned kings and despotic princes patronized artists in works intended to show their regal or princely glory, and



CONEWAGO BRIDGE. — F. B. SCHELL.

when, however temporarily and interestedly praised, their art was degraded by such employment. Nowadays, all the powers ruling over the destinies of men be thanked! — art is not patronized at all: it is employed, oftener solicited than it solicits; and the "kings" who ask its aid nearly as often wear the crown of public service as that bequeathed to them by dead and gone ancestors. These reflections come forcibly into mind, running over a volume just issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and devoted to the laudable purpose of making better known to the public who patronize it, the work and the re-

sources, as well as the history and the scenery, of the extensive line worked by that company. This book, which in an artistic sense reflects the highest credit on those concerned in its compilation, and has employed the pencils and the gravers of several of the best artists in America, is devoted to the double task of (1) informing the world of many of the details in its scope and management which must otherwise be known only to a very few, and (2) giving in a pictorial

shape many of what may be called the scenic curiosities and glories of the road.

From this work, which strikes us as an exceedingly well-considered expenditure of a very small proportion of the funds of the company, we propose to extract, for the benefit and information of the readers of *THE ALDINE*, a few of those figures most imperatively necessary for understanding the workings of the great corporation, and to supplement them with an exhibition of a few of the very fine pictures which may be regarded as representative in showing the variety of natural and artificial scenery through which the line of the road makes its progress. With reference to the latter feature, it may be remembered that *THE ALDINE* is in this regard doing no new work, we having already made a specialty of selecting and illustrating many of the more picturesque points crossed and opened by the Pennsylvania road, in the Alleghenies and at other sections of peculiar interest. One late instance will be specially remembered by every reader — that involving the magnificent scenery of the Conemaugh, prepared for *THE ALDINE* by the late

John A. Hows, in an artistic excursion for that purpose, which is believed by many acquaintances to have hastened the lamented death of that artist, whose devotion to nature made him equally persistent and imprudent in seeking and portraying the more difficult and secret haunts, in every direction. Let us not be considered as making any new lament over the departed illustrator, however; if there is any truth in the old dictum that "the noblest place where man

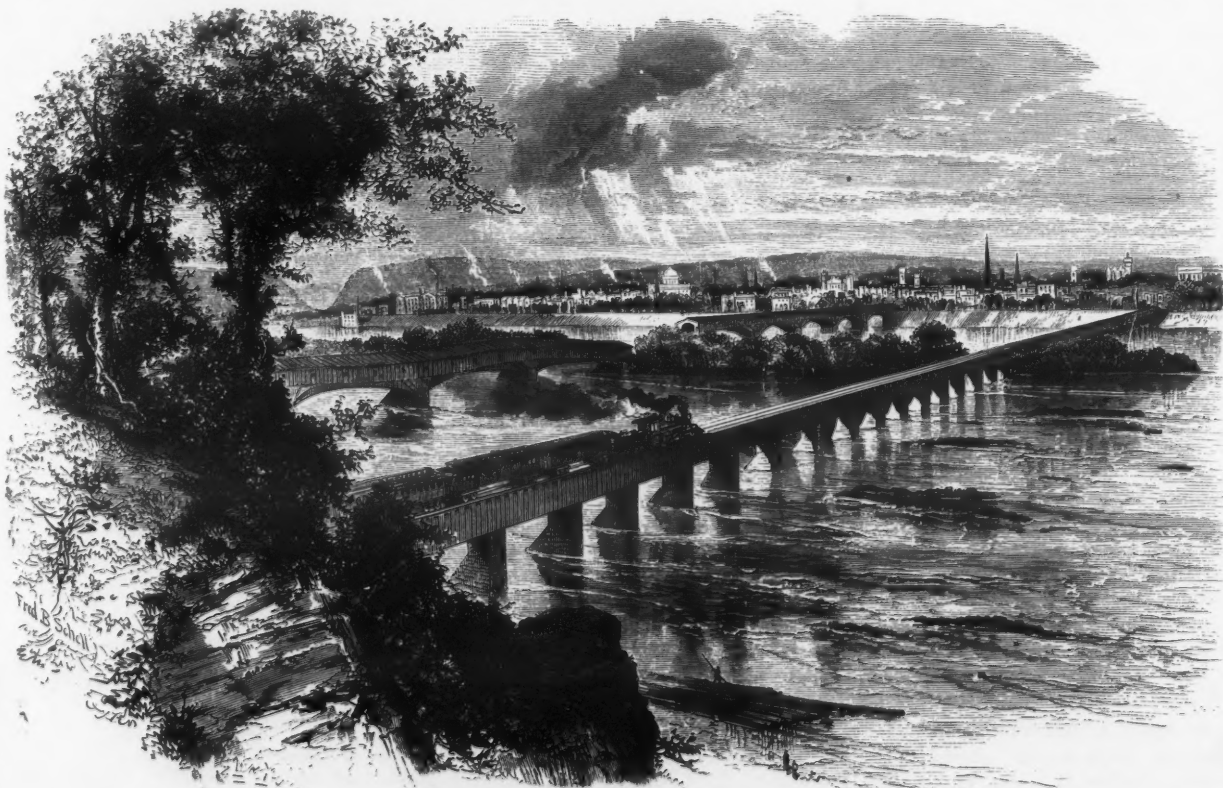


ENTRANCE TO WILD-CAT GLEN. — F. B. SCHELL.

can die, is where he dies for man!" — then is it equally true that the artist can not more profitably spend his life than in making the world wiser and better with his pencil, as Mr. Hows unquestionably did.

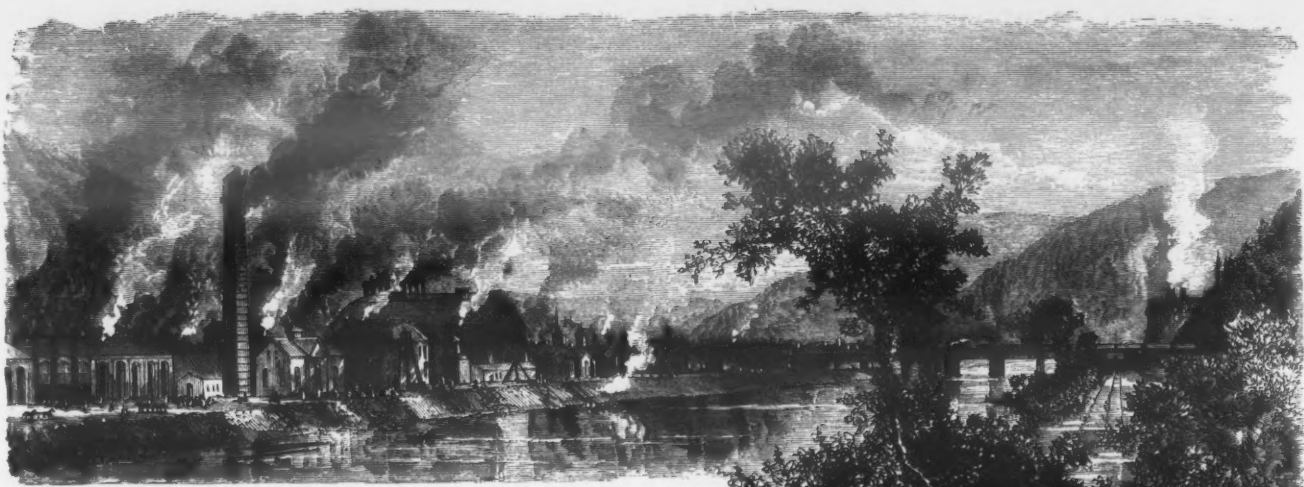
To deal, in this place, with the history of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and a few of the figures showing the extent and working power of the organization, the following group of statistics may be profitably given, the historical necessarily holding precedence.

Pennsylvania had been the first State of the Union to put in progress the facilitating of transit between distant sections, in the employment of the turnpike, — the Lancaster road, westward from Philadelphia, being the first completed in the United States; and two different routes, the southern by Bedford and Somerset, and the northern by Huntingdon and Frankstown, extending from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, eliciting the official notice and warm commendation of Albert Gallatin, when Secretary of the Treasury, in 1807. But the turnpike, as the road for rapid conveyance, was already doomed; and no mean share in the preliminary operations of that doom belonged to America, and indeed to Pennsylvania. Only two years after the Gallatin report, in 1809, the first experimental railroad track ever built in America was constructed in Pennsylvania, by John Thompson, civil engineer, and a Scotch machinist named Somerville, for Thomas Leiper, of Philadelphia, — with a success leading Leiper to construct a second and more extended one, not many years later, for the con-



HARRISBURG. — F. B. SCHELL.

veyance of stone from his quarries on Crum Creek, to the landing on Ridley Creek, in Delaware County. Not much later than the second, however, was the construction of the "Quincy Railroad," for the conveyance of granite from the Quincy quarries to the port of Neponset, in Massachusetts, completed in 1827. By that time, steam had been successfully applied to the railroad, and many short roads for steam use were projected, and some commenced, in America,—among them that of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, at Honesdale, Pa., to connect their mines with the canal, and having the distinction of running the first locomotive in the Western World, in the "Stourbridge Lion," first put into use on the 8th of August, 1829. The beginnings of the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Charleston and Hamburg roads (the latter intended, from the first, for the use of steam power,



JOHNSTOWN. — F. B. SCHELL.



OLD SAW-MILL. — GRANVILLE PERKINS.

and with two locomotives, the "Best Friend," and the "West Point," built at the Cold Spring Foundry, at the latter place), followed in 1830.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, meanwhile, had chartered a company, 31st of March, 1822, for a railroad of eighty miles, from Philadelphia to Columbia; and among the corporators were Stephen Girard, and Horace Binney, so lately deceased, with John Stevens (of Hoboken) as the master-spirit of the enterprise. Water communication, however, was still the more practicable possibility, in the minds of many; and the first attempt to construct a great line, all the way from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, was made in connection with the "Pennsylvania Canal," commenced on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, 4th of July, 1826, by the breaking of ground near Harrisburg. In the winter of the same year, the "Columbus, Lancaster and Philadelphia Railroad Company" was chartered, though never afterward brought into working order; and during the same session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, no less than five other railways were chartered in that State, most or all of them, however, to become dead letters from one cause or another.

The enterprise of private companies failing to solve the problem of a great road westward, the Legislature, in 1827 and 1828, took up the preliminaries of the work, and ordered surveys across the counties of York and Lancaster, to connect with the canal—through

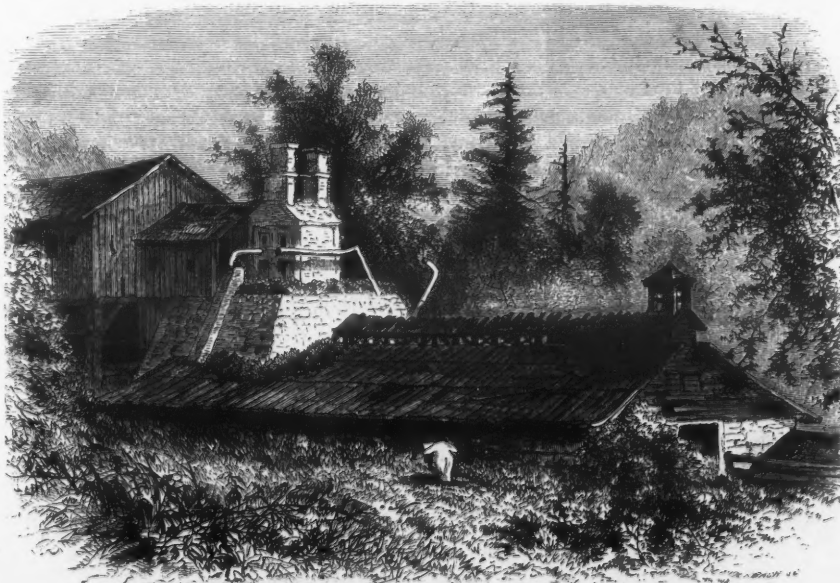
the Cumberland Valley, to Chambersburg—and over the Alleghany Mountains, from Huntingdon to Johnstown. These formed the actual commencements of the Columbia and Portage railroads, both works of great necessity and equal difficulty, and the latter one of the most audacious specimens of overcoming mountain difficulties, up to that time known in the mechanical world. Not to linger upon the details of the operations immediately following, it is sufficient to say that, with the pushing forward, together, of the three links supplied by the railway, over the mountains, and the canal, from Columbia to Hollidaysburg, and from Pittsburg to Johnstown, on the two sides of them,—and with the loan of \$4,000,000 from the Bank of Pennsylvania, secured by the extension of the charter of that bank,—with all these, and the impetus derived from the completion and opening of the Erie Canal, in 1826, the difficult work was then so persistently driven onward as to allow the opening of the whole line from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, in 1834. Meanwhile, several of the roads that have now become links or branches of the Pennsylvania, had been begun and wholly or in part completed—among them the Harrisburg and Portsmouth, the Strasburg, and the Philadelphia and Trenton, the latter a destined part of the Camden and Amboy chain of many years, and then of the Pennsylvania combination, eastward beyond Philadelphia.

The Portage road, over the Alleghanies, was regarded, at the time and in the absence of the great mountain works of the last two decades, as one of the wonders of America. It made, by inclined planes, an ascent, from Johnstown to the summit, of eleven hundred and seventy-one and a-half feet in twenty-six and a-half miles, and a descent from the summit to Hollidaysburg, of thirteen hundred and ninety-nine feet in ten miles. The cars

were passed over these planes by wire ropes attached to stationary engines; and boats containing freight to be carried by the canal were built in sections and carried in trucks over the road, empty or loaded, as the case might be. A great work, for itself, for the country, and for civilization, had thus been done by the State of Pennsylvania, at an expense to itself of something closely approaching \$14,500,000,

—and the foundation laid for one immeasurably greater in every important regard.

By 1837, however, it became evident that only a beginning had as yet been made—that a continuous line of rail from the Delaware to the Ohio, with spurs to the lakes, was a necessity. From this grew the Sunbury and Erie, and the Pittsburg and Susquehanna, both chartered in 1837, with a general convention to urge the building, presided over by Hon. Robert T. Conrad, held at Harrisburg, in March, 1838. Another survey was ordered by the Legislature, to the end in view, and a report made in 1840. Even then the completion lagged, however, though an influential meeting was held at Philadelphia, in 1845, to urge it forward; and it may be said that the great work did not assume feasible shape until 1846. Then, with Mr. John Edgar Thomson as the new chief engineer of the road, bringing long experience in road-building in the South, the work went rapidly forward, the first grading, west from Harrisburg, and east from Pittsburg, being let in July, 1847. Cars were first run through from Philadelphia to Pittsburg on the 10th of December, 1852, the old Portage road over the mountains forming the connection—the road of the company for that section not being finished until February 15, 1854, when it was formally opened, Mr. Thomson being elected president of the company, thirteen days earlier, so that he saw, as at the head of it, the completion of the great work he had so long engineered. Mechanically, it may be added that the following are the heights of different portions of this monument of continuous enterprise, above the sea level. At Harrisburg, where the ascent commences, 310 feet elevation; at Lewistown, 488; at Huntingdon, 610; at Tyrone, 886; at Altoona (at the eastern base of the mountains), 1,168. The culminating



OLD FURNACE. — GRANVILLE PERKINS.

point is reached at the west end of the great tunnel, where the altitude is 2,161 feet. Descending, westward, the height at Johnstown is 1,184 feet; at Greensburg, 1,091; and at Pittsburg, 748 feet, being 438 feet higher than at Harrisburg, the virtual commencement of ascent on the eastern side.

In 1853-4, commenced a movement for the sale of the main line of the road, by the State, at whose cost it had been constructed—the people seeming a trifle uneasy under what they considered a burthen, without recognizing its value and necessity. On the 27th of April, 1854, a law was passed, providing for the sale of the main line; and, no purchaser being found, another in 1855. No sale yet ensuing, a third law was passed in 1857. Finally, in the latter year, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company became the purchaser from the State, at \$9,000,000—\$1,500,000 of that sum being additional and in lieu of certain taxes. After-agreement, in 1861, made the whole sum paid, \$13,570,000. The formal transfer was made by the State to the company, on the 1st of August, 1857.

In 1858, Colonel Thomas A. Scott, who had been connected with the collection department, was appointed general superintendent of the road. At the death of Mr. W. B. Foster, 1860, he became the vice-president of the company; and after that of Mr. Thomson, 1874, president,—besides having made an honorable record, during a part of the rebellion, as Assistant Secretary of War. It is only truth to say that in all these situations he has shown strong capacity, and made a reputation second to that of no railroad-man of the century. It used to be said that, in his quiet way, President Thomson managed to be "an hundred men rolled into one;" and something of the same character may be said of Colonel Scott, the very embodiment of energy and activity, with the rare faculty of "eyes on all sides" at the same moment.

Only with extreme brevity can be sketched the increasing extent and importance of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the company controlling it, during the past fifteen to twenty years, with the virtual absorption into itself of the minor enterprises necessary to give it full usefulness.

The Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad was permanently leased by the company, in 1861. In the following year, the Philadelphia and Erie road also came under its control, by permanent lease. The Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road became virtually a part of the Pennsylvania, by the same means, in 1869, with branches of importance, leased by the P., F. W. & C., included in the transfer, and with the agreements of the latter with the Cleveland and Pittsburg road, and the Indianapolis and St. Louis road, assumed by the Pennsylvania Company. The Pittsburg and Steubenville road was purchased outright by the company, in 1867—this and other transactions securing the control of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis road, and the Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Central road. After-operations brought in the Cincinnati and Muskingum Valley road, and partially the St. Louis, Vandalia and Terre Haute. Then followed the Little Miami, the Erie and Pittsburg, and the Cleveland and Pittsburg; with controlling interests in the Jeffersonville, Madison and Indianapolis, with ascendancy over the Ohio bridge at Louisville,—the Chartiers road, the Mansfield, Coldwater and Lake Michigan road, the Cairo and Vincennes roads, with a majority ownership in the Ohio bridge at Cincinnati, and other and minor enterprises of importance to the permanent prosperity of the Pennsylvania.

The most important remaining acquisition has

been that effected in the leasing, in 1871, of the Camden and Amboy road, with the Philadelphia and Trenton road, the canals, and all dependencies, completing the great highway from the far West to the seaboard and commercial capital at the city of New York, with immense advantages soon evident in speed and certainty of transit, and with other and greater indicated for the Centennial gathering of the present year.

Southward, however, the increased connections have been only less important. The Northern Central, of Maryland, came into the hands of the Pennsylvania Company several years since; the Baltimore and Potomac road followed, completing the line to Washington, and having as one of its magnificent effects in 1873, the completion of the great tunnel under Baltimore. The Union Tunnel, connecting the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore road with the Baltimore and Potomac Tunnel, and thus with the Pennsylvania road, was also completed in 1873, making perfect the connection with Washington, of which the importance was painfully and instructively shown to the government in 1861. From the southward,



CONEMAUGH VIADUCT.—F. B. SCHELL.

the Piedmont Air-Line road, including several principal roads, and securing connections through Virginia to the Carolinas and into Georgia, also came under the management of the Pennsylvania Company in the course of 1873.

Almost insensibly, in thus rapidly and incompletely sketching the general history of the Pennsylvania Railroad, we have given a reasonably accurate idea of the extent of its connections. The comprehensive grouping afforded by its own authority, however, in the work under consideration, may well be quoted, as the best summing-up possible of the present position of an enterprise having few equals in importance, in the world, and none grown to such mighty and at the same time such beneficial proportions, within a corresponding period from the commencement.

"The road," with commendable boast says the historian, "which at first was but a link in a line between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, has become the greatest highway the world ever saw. Reaching Boston, the metropolis of New England, under favorable arrangements; with its eastern termini at New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore—the manufacturing and commercial centres of the Atlantic sea-coast, and at Washington City—the capital of the nation; it unites them, by its own direct line, with the cities of Pittsburg, Erie, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, Cincinnati,

Indianapolis, Louisville and St. Louis, the point of distribution, on the lakes and in the Mississippi valley, for the importations and manufactures of the East, and the outlets for the rich products of the West and South. Perfect connections are likewise made with St. Paul and Duluth—the gates to the Northwest; with Omaha and Denver—the portals to the auriferous and fertile territories; with the wonderful State of California, whose cities are concentrating the commerce of the Pacific islands and of Asia; and with Memphis, Mobile and New Orleans,—the marts for the great Southern staples. Every section of the country is now directly or indirectly penetrated—every product of its soil is accommodated—by the Pennsylvania Railroad. To transact its extended and diversified business, the company now owns and runs upon its own lines eleven hundred locomotives, one thousand cars devoted to passenger traffic, and twenty-six thousand in freight service. It owns two thousand miles of completed road, and controls nearly five thousand miles more. Its workshops cover an area of more than five hundred acres. It employs an army of twenty-five thousand men, many of whom

are mechanics and experts of the highest skill. It has two hundred and twenty-two foreign ticket offices and agents (independent of those at its own stations) established in thirteen different States. It has developed mines, created manufactories, and established commerce. All this has been accomplished within a score of years, without causing a monetary or business panic, or itself becoming the victim of one."

Dealing with the historical and the practical in connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad, necessarily nothing has as yet been said of the variety of scenery through which it passes—a variety, let it be stated, unequalled, when the main line and all the branches are brought into account, by that of any other line of transit in the world. Not much is necessary to be said on this point, however; the well informed will have little difficulty, the previous statements remembered, in estimating the scenes through which the road must pass, between the Atlantic coast and the Mississippi and the great lakes, without reckoning the endless ramifications of the lines branching off from and connected with it. Leaving the commercial

wealth and magnificence of New York, crossing the growing fertility of New Jersey, glancing at the more quietly wealthy Philadelphia, traversing the rich luxuriance of the Pennsylvania valleys and beside its beautiful rivers, climbing the wild Alleghanies, descending on river and prairie forming the varied scenery of what was so lately "the West," but now is the thickly settled and important centre of the lands east of the Rocky Mountains—what other road could possibly claim so much of the picturesque, as (already shown) what other could make pretense to the same importance in the personal transit and commercial prosperity of a continent?

Necessarily, the crowning charm of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in scenery, as its greatest actual physical height, is to be found in crossing those Alleghanies as only yet half understood in their beauty, by the tourist. Gladly, from ample materials at hand, would we freely supplement what *THE ALDINE* has already done in illustrating the beauties of this great thoroughfare, were we not under the necessity of choosing somewhat closely, in order at once to economize space and secure requisite variety. We can only present, in this connection, a few fine pictures, all of which will explain themselves, and so need no enlarging on their merits. Our illustrations comprise the admired aerial "Conewago Bridge," over the creek

of the same name, forming the boundary between the counties of Lancaster and Dauphin, Pa.; the "Entrance to Wild-Cat Glen," a romantic spot near Marietta, on the Susquehanna; the "City of Harrisburg," also on the Susquehanna, and the capital of Pennsylvania, advantageously seen from the opposite side of the river, with the long railroad bridge spanning it and forming a link in the great chain; "Johnstown," at the western foot of the Alleghenies, famous for its Cambria Iron Works, and for smelting and smoke, making it a worthy rival of the towns of the same class in Midland England; the beautiful "Conemaugh Viaduct," on the river of the same name, also at the western foot of the Alleghenies, and forming a pleasant pendant to some of the fine scenery of the Conemaugh, already given in THE ALDINE; and the "Old Furnace" and "Old Saw-Mill," likewise on the Conemaugh, and well exhibiting the picturesque features so notable in all that romantic region.

A NOVEMBER NOCTURN.

THE autumn air sweeps faint and chill
Across the maple-crested hill;
And on my ear
Falls, tingling clear,
A strange, mysterious woodland thrill.

From outmost twig — from scarlet crown,
Untouched with yet a tinct of brown,
Reluctant, slow,
As loth to go,
The loosened leaves come wavering down.

And not a hectic trembler there,
In its decadence doomed to share
The fate of all,—
But in its fall,
Flings a low wail upon the air.

No drift or dream of passing bell
Dying afar in twilight dell,
Hath any heard,
Whose chimes have stirred
A tenderer pathos of farewell.

A silent shiver, as of pain,
Goes rustling through each sapless vein;
And there are moans
Whose undertones
Are sad as sobbing autumn rain.

Ah, if without its dirge-like sigh,
No lightest-clinging leaf can die,—
Let him who saith
Decay and death
Should bring no heart-break, tell me why.

Each grave-yard gives the answer: There
I read *Resurgam* everywhere:
So easy said
Above the dead,—
So weak to anodyne despair!

—Margaret J. Preston.

BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION.

THE thirty-first reception of this Association took place on Monday evening, November 29th, and the pictures remained on view for the fortnight following. The Association has been the source of a growing taste for art in Brooklyn, which manifests itself in the continually increasing attendance upon these exhibitions. The present one, however, is below the average in the finished excellence of the paintings on view, and particularly in showing a dearth of figure pictures. We can only glance at a few of the principal works, giving more or less of tone to the whole.

No. 1 is "The Nubian Story-Teller," by F. A. Bridgman. The picture represents a large room in the interior of a Turkish harem; along the sides rich couches, on which sit or recline the women of the seraglio in varied and graceful positions of lassitude. Three children are seated on the floor, listening with more or less attention to the Nubian slave, who, squatting near the centre of the picture, with hands upraised to emphasize the crisis in her story, is relating a tale as wonderful and as long as those of the "Arabian Nights." Let into the middle of the floor, in the foreground, is a gray and white marble foun-

tain, where a little jet of water diffuses coolness to the air around. Furniture and ornaments peculiar to Eastern life brighten the walls, and make every part of the chamber interesting. At the end of the alcove into which the room narrows on the left, through the lattice a glimpse of the hot sunlight on a vine is gained, and gives a slight but pleasant contrast to the subdued light of the interior. This picture appeared in the last Paris Salon. In the distribution of light, correct perspective, harmony of coloring, simple and effective grouping and elaboration of details, there is scarcely anything to be criticised in this fine picture. One peculiar beauty is the distinction of the fabrics: from the light gauze around the head of the youngest girl to the heavy brown skirts of the slaves, each is different in texture and nature of folding. This is a noble work for an artist in his twenty-ninth year, and shows a most worthy scholar of Gérôme. Mr. Bridgman is a native of Brooklyn, and is now traveling in the East.

No. 154, "Aicha, Woman of the Kabyle Mountains, Algeria," is by the same artist. She is a dark-skinned woman, adorned with all the paraphernalia of a princess of her tribe: a cap covered with precious ornaments, necklace of beads, cloak or blanket of many colors, covered with trinkets in profusion. The face is boldly and correctly drawn, and shows intellect and power in its possessor. The undaunted eyes, high cheek-bones and firm chin picture a strong character; while the well-formed lips give the soft and feminine look to a face otherwise almost too full of strength. The high light falls on the white cloth covering the breast, and is toned off to the deep shadows on the neck and under the brows. The execution is in all regards pleasing and forcible.

No. 195, "The Obdurate Father," by W. Rogge, of Munich, shows a family either excited by the return of a prodigal, or painfully pushing forward the chances of an objectionable would-be son-in-law. The conflicting emotions in the set face of the father, the anxiety of the mother, who is drawing the somewhat smirking youth forward—and the different expressions in the favorite sister (or fiancée?) and the other children and others present, are well and forcibly given. The grouping in this painting, also, is worthy of remark: it is natural and complete, though, perhaps, a little crowded, from the necessity of the occasion.

No. 292, "The Interruption," by G. Doyen. A French girl has been reading, with a ray of pale, steely light (sunlight?) across her shoulder; but a young kitten, jumping up behind her and on her shoulder, causes the interruption. The girl's face is thoroughly good, in drawing and expression; but her form is "sweetness long drawn out," the hands need modulation, and her position seems more than a trifle stiff and constrained. If the canvas were reduced in size, leaving merely head and bust, the painting would be bettered by the reduction.

No. 339, "L'Addio (Briazuola)," by B. Schermini. A light-haired Italian girl stands at a window bidding good-bye to her lover. The girl, if well painted, is an exceedingly bad selection; and the whole is too commonplace and prosaic for the tenderness of the subject.

No. 329, "Marcia, wife of the Emperor Commodus, finding her name on his death list," by Bronecoff. Marcia is represented with the fatal book in her hand, in wildly theatrical posture, and with a look of staring horror on her face. But for the patchy effect of color in some portions, and a want of harmony in others, this picture would tell a revolting story with much force and feeling.

No. 361, "The Evening Chapter." With his customary old lady, Mr. E. W. Perry has given us a new model—an old man with a head that would rejoice the heart of a phrenologist. The toning of the light about the old lady's head is managed with the artist's usual skill; but putting the old man's figure against the light is an ancient artifice, and appears like timidity. The figures are also too far apart for probability; though less space might fail to show the red cloth of the table to advantage.

No. 290, "After the Battle," by Jan Verhas, Brussels. A boy has broken his sister's doll, and

brother and sister stand in mutual anger and chagrin, one at each end of a yellow satin sofa. The figures are so separated that the sofa alone occupies our attention in the middle of the picture. The story is told plainly, however, and the execution is careful and good, except the fault noted, and some monotony of color.

No. 377. This small painting of "The Doves," by Paul Viry, is unique. The idea is fanciful and prettily expressed. A tall, pale girl, dressed in rich dove-colored satin, is petting her dove in a large doorway, built of soft, gray stone, carefully molded. A greyhound stands by her side. There are no other colors to relieve this predominating delicate-ash, but the rich green of two small vines set in green boxes, a gorgeously colored pheasant at the sill, and the dull red and brown of a line of bricks that just appears above the portal. The effect is like that of frosted silver; and the design is a *jeu d'esprit* made labor by the nicety of execution. The finish is simply wonderful, even in this day of "ivory-type" surfaces.

Nos. 394 and 268 are by Constant Mayer. The more pretentious work, "The Wanderers" (394), shows a party of three Italian peasants weary with their long journey. The old man is seated upon the ground; the boy has fallen asleep with his head on the breast of the peasant; and the young girl is reaching up her hand to receive the alms which two richly dressed ladies in the balcony above are bestowing. The picture, through well drawn, is painfully monotonous in color, and not by any means up to this artist's standard, except in the really strong face of the old man. The girl, reaching up, suggests a boy playing soldier, with a chapeau of white foolscap. His other picture (268), "Meditation," is another reproduction, with most of the work on the head and face, of that wondrous young woman whom Mr. Mayer seems to keep always in readiness, in some dark corner. In this case she is far more reading than "meditating," if the indications of the drooping eyes go for anything.

No. 289, "The Grandmother," by E. Marsal, of Paris, is excellent in its intense realism. The old woman's countenance is a good study, and in fine relief. The Teutonesque face of the infant is very humorously drawn. This canvas is large and interesting; but there are some unmeaning folds in the drapery that detract from the beauty of the whole.

No. 293, "Landscape," by E. Lambinet. A clump of fine trees on a bank to the right, throw their shadow over a clear pond whose surface is broken by lily-pads. The contrast of light and shade is skillful and daring; and the reflections are admirably mirrored. There is too much motion in the trees, however, for the stillness of the water; and it seems, from the position of the sun, that his light ought to reach the water within the picture. This work has also been on exhibition at Paris.

No. 415, "October Twilight in the Adirondacks." In parts this painting, by S. R. Gifford, is strikingly beautiful, but the general color is too vivid. The bend of the shore, with the trees in shadow on the right, the brilliancy of the sky above, emphasized by an almost leafless tree-top, rising above the others, and standing out to the view as if it were real and climbable, are prominent beauties. This picture would be most effective in a large gallery where strong contrasts could be obtained.

Nos. 320 and 395, "Among the Adirondacks," and "A Glimpse of Long Island," are by R. W. Hubbard. The former is a fine example of mountain scenery in the warm greens and browns of low tone. The sunny atmosphere fills the valley where the little stream broadens into a pool, and shimmers in the mountain clefts. There is a barrenness, however, for which the sunlight hardly compensates. The "Glimpse of Long Island," with the same beauty in atmospheric effect, reminds one of the views from some of those high-perched Italian towns, over the surrounding country. Here the spectator's position is the highest, and he looks from above down the side of the hill-range, a view difficult to make satisfactory, but here managed with rare skill and fidelity.

No. 321, "Landscape and Cattle," by J. M.

Hart. Cows resting around a gray boulder on a hillside. The cows, which need no praise, and the fine rock about which they are grouped, are the whole picture: the landscape is confined and dull.

No. 226. "Near York Reach, Me.," by Wm. F. De Haas, is a picture of sunset and cliffs off the coast. The effect is carefully worked up; and the success in portraying the clear sunlit air and the color of the rocks in shade is marked. Meanwhile, for some cause, the whole gives the impression of being produced by rule and technical manipulation, and has a hard ultra-brilliance offering no rest to the eye.

No. 304. "Drifting Ashore in a Fog." M. F. H. De Haas shows a large brig pounding on the beach within a stone's-throw of the shore. The subject is admirably handled, with the exception of the fact that Mr. De Haas, like all his *confrères*, seems to be incapable of painting the curl of water as it touches the shore, without frying it. No. 313, "West Hampton Beach," another picture by the same artist, is in many respects superior, and in all worthy of his reputation.

No. 254. "Point Judith, from Narragansett," by A. T. Bricher. The best of Mr. Bricher's that we have seen. A poetical rendering of the simple subject: the sea, a line of beach, and the sun shining through gray clouds. The brightest part, as well as the point of most interest, is placed too far from the middle of the picture, and its natural balance thus disturbed; and the inner combing of the surf, as in Mr. De Haas' 304, is curled and frizzed unnaturally.

No. 134. "Long Island Sound—October Morning," by Lockwood De Forest, is a scene among the numerous islands that cluster together along the shores of Connecticut. A light, warm mist rests on the water; a wooded island is dimly seen in the background. This work is an easy and truthful rendering of a common but fairly autumn effect.

We can only speak, hastily and in grouping, of some other prominent pictures in the collection, demanding more lengthened notice did space permit.

No. 124, "Peconic Bay, L. I.," by Gabriel Harrison, is carefully painted, but dry and hard. Precisely the same may be said of No. 136, "On the River Avon" (including Warwick Castle), by T. A. Richards. Geo. Inness has a pleasing "Scene in Italy," No. 147. In No. 152, "Taghanic Gorge," J. B. Bristol has conveyed the depth of a mountain ravine with force and feeling. Miss Julie H. Beers shows good woodcraft in the birches and other growth of "Birchensells," No. 177. No. 225, "A Room in the Brewers' Hall, Antwerp," by H. Heger, Munich, deserves more than this casual mention, for its fine elaboration of carving effects, window-light, etc. No. 298, "High Bridge, from Harlem Lane," by Chas. H. Miller, is an acre of blotched canvas. No. 330, "Sea, from Shore," by Jervis McEntee, is a gloomy but not unpleasing rendering of a difficult subject—lowering sky, dusky water, white sand and hummocks in the foreground. In No. 368, "Wreck on Coney Island Beach," F. A. Silva shows his usual cabinet fidelity, and, alas! his usual dry hardness.

Before closing, however, while necessarily leaving many items of interest untouched, we must turn far backward in numbers to say that No. 52, "My Birth-night," by L. M. Wiles, is a really wonderful rendering of a snowy night, with flurries, traditionally selected for such occasions; and that No. 79, "Among the Adirondacks," by Clinton Ogilvie, is singularly fine in color and handling.

It is worthy of note that a very large proportion of the pictures in this exhibition have been marked and priced for sale; and perhaps something of the "hard times" is shown in the fact that many of the prices have been most reasonable, giving opportunities for purchase that we doubt not have been liberally embraced by art-loving visitors. Let us hope that next season may give us (1) a better exhibition, (2) kept longer open than the now habitual fortnight, and (3) with a moderate rate charged for admission, justifying more care and thoroughness in every detail. Many may not agree with us in this suggestion; but we are inclined to believe that still more will approve and indorse it.

DAVID TRODE'S VISITOR.

SHAKING from head to foot, and wondering if her stiffened tongue would do its office when the formidable personage whom she had summoned should appear, she sat on one of the sofas in the grand drawing-room of a Fifth Avenue palace, and dreaded she knew not what.

It was a great piece of temerity in Delphine Nisford—a little midget like her, only five feet one in her highest heels—to beard the lion in his den in this fashion; but desperate cases require desperate remedies, and hers, she thought, was a very desperate case indeed. She had been speculating by proxy; though she might have known her brother Howard better, with his constant failures, than to trust her few thousands in his hands; and the thousands having become reduced to hundreds, she grew frightened at the prospect before her of an old age of penury (she was just twenty-two), and having consulted her own great mind, the result was a sudden inspiration that almost took away her breath.

This was nothing less than a visit to the famous speculator, David Trode, who was said to control the stock that had swallowed up her pittance, tell him her story, and ask him to make some money for her! There might be a kind nook in his heart somewhere, although he was said to be made of leather; and if he refused her petition she would be no worse off than she was before. And as Cousin Sophronia remarked when she had anything disagreeable out of the common way to do, "it would be a new experience."

So, she put on a pair of mended gloves, and tried to look meek; but somehow she could not manage to look *poor*. Her speaking of poverty was always vetoed as absurd, although she felt that she was sailing under false colors.

"What a dismal place!" thought Delphine, as she took a survey of the heavy draperies, buhl tables, and gilded chairs, all stiffly arranged by some upholsterer, and representing just so much money—only this and nothing more. But a cold chill was creeping over her; and if she had not been assured in her childhood that old Marley was dead as a door-nail, she would have thought he was now visible to the naked eye in as much flesh as he ever had.

"Mr. Trode?" she gasped presently.

The figure bowed; and finding that something more was expected of her, Delphine stuttered forth: "I—, I'm—frightened."

Perhaps David Trode thought of the answer made to a famous preacher by the little street boy whom he reproved for swearing; but if he did, he refrained from saying it,—and looked with something like compassion at the embarrassed face of his visitor. Presently, she did the very best thing she could have done under the circumstances, and began to cry.

Mr. Trode, when summoned to the drawing-room by the unusual announcement, "A lady to see you, sir," had thrust the pen with which he was writing, behind his right ear. He now took it out in his perplexity, and transferred it to his left. Had his visitor been dressed in rusty black, and counted her years by scores, he would curtly have dismissed her as an applicant for money; but this was a very attractive young lady in unexceptionable attire, and David Trode had never before been favored with such a visitor. He felt really curious to know what she had to say, and actually smiled as he assured her of his readiness to serve her in any possible way.

Then was poured into his astonished ears the most inconsequential narrative he had ever listened to, followed up by the tendering of an United States bond, and the request that he would make some money for her with it.

"My child," said he gravely, "I don't want your money."

"But you *must* take it!" she urged, impetuously.

"How do you know that you will ever see it again?" he continued; "you must think that I do as I please with stocks, or you would not have come to me in this way."

Delphine's ingenuous face was deeply flushed, as she said, hesitatingly: "Then you are offended?"

"No, young lady," replied the man of stocks, who had thawed out wonderfully, "I don't think I am; and if you are really willing to trust your money with me, after past experience, I will take it and do the best I can with it. There is a prospect that an opportunity will soon offer to recover what you have lost; and when you have done that, I would advise you to stop speculating."

"But *you* continue it," she ventured to reply.

"Oh, I must," he said, laughing. "It is my life. And now, Miss Nisford, look about and tell me if you don't think this is a large house for one lonely old man."

"But you have a family?" said Delphine, rising in surprise.

"No," he replied; "there is no one to enjoy all this luxury, for I don't care for it—and I have suddenly thought of a want. A pretty young wife would brighten the house wonderfully. You tell me that you like the fine things money buys—will you be an old man's darling, and reign supreme over this great lonely mansion?"

"I suppose," said Delphine, with her cheeks in an angry flame, "that I deserve this for coming to you in this way—but although I do like money very much, I do not like it well enough to marry for it. I thought you were a nice old gentleman with grandchildren, or I should not have come; but you need not trouble yourself to do anything with my money, now."

David Trode smiled, and looked like a very benevolent old gentleman indeed, as he glanced admiringly at his indignant young visitor. He sighed a little—so many girls in her position would have taken him, and something young and bright about the house always would have been very pleasant.

"Then you refuse all the worldly goods I would have endowed you with?" he asked. "Well, I am glad of it, for *your* sake—but you will hear from me again."

And he bowed her politely out; while Delphine was in such a flutter of amazement, that she walked almost home before she remembered that the great speculator had kept possession of the one United States bond that remained to her. Such forgetfulness, a trifle incredible, is certainly not impossible; and the circumstances may have warranted the phenomenon.

Miss Nisford heard from her ancient admirer twice after this: once to receive, not her own bond, but one that represented the sum she had originally owned, and over which Mr. Trode gave a pleased sort of chuckle as he put it into the envelope; and again when, in a delightfully cosy little house in the suburbs of Brooklyn, Delphine received a very late wedding-present of costly silver, with David Trode's card, and the words: "For the girl who had the self-respect to refuse me." — Ella Rodman Church.

"CHARLIE ROSS."

Two words, henceforth, are sacred evermore
To years of suffering with parental grief—
To all that heaven ordains and men adore,
Struck down by that type-fiend, the *baby-thief*:—
To sunny curls, no more at home caressed;
Blue eyes, that for that home look out in vain,
Or—sadder fate, and yet by far the best—
That in some lonely grave for months have lain.

Oh, parents by the hand of death bereaved
Of those whose childish love made half your bliss,—
Who o'er the little closing tomb have grieved,
And woke at midnight for the long-lost kiss,—
Thank God, with humble hearts, that nothing worse
Has been your sorrow—that no bitterer fate
Has made you o'er and o'er the loss rehearse,
Without a hope to grieve, and watch, and wait!

Oh, robbers of the vaults where hoarded wealth
Has been laid up for coming want's demands—
Oh, common murderers, eschewing stealth
To do your bloody deeds with violent hands—
Thank God that darker crimes than yours exist!—
That deeds unholy far than yours are done!—
Two stains on manhood joined in one black list,
And in one act both theft and murder done!
— John Hay Furness.



MOONLIGHT LANDSCAPE IN HOLLAND. — EDWARD SCHLEICH.

PICTURESQUE EUROPE.—SCENES IN THREE LANDS.

THE three scenes of "Picturesque Europe" in this number are beautiful in themselves, and doubly interesting through historical or artistic associations.

MOONLIGHT LANDSCAPE IN HOLLAND.

This fine full-page picture conveys most graphically many features of the peculiar scenery of those "Low

Countries" so celebrated alike in mediæval history and in modern days for the odd attractions which they have offered to the artist's pencil. A full moon, shining through broken clouds upon one of those rush-grown "meers" so common in the neighborhood of the Zuyder-Zee—with a picturesque windmill, almost a distinguishing landmark of Holland or Belgium, in the foreground; with more of those mills in the background, their contour splendidly varied by the bulk and tower of an old minster, which we can see, even at the distance, to be ivy-grown; with fishers' nets anear, and a boat in which shadowy figures are putting off for some deed of sportsman-like enterprise—all this affords a field alike for painter and engraver, in this instance most charmingly occupied. For the original picture we are indebted to the pencil of Edward Schleich, a continental painter of eminence, born at Haarbach, in Bavaria, in 1812, and deceased, of that fearful scourge, the cholera, in January, 1873, at Munich, where the artist had been the warm friend, and sometimes the collaborer, of Wilhelm von Kaulbach. Schleich was considered unrivaled in the special production of moonlight effects (of which we have here so noble an example); and it is sad to know that when he laid down his pencil at the bidding of the pestilence, many fine works were left only half completed—among them some on wood, in which he bade fair to rival the greatest of the old panel-painters. It is much to have preserved so fine an example of his very best style, however, as in such preservations Albrecht Dürer's eulogy from Longfellow becomes reality, and "the artist never dies."

In the second and smaller picture of this series, a

SCENE ON THE SCHELDT,

we have what may be called a cousin-German (or perhaps Flemish, if the play on words may be allowed)—a whole volume of sluggish and mist-hung river scenery in Belgium being conveyed within the very limited space supplied by the dimensions of this oval. Nothing could be either more true to nature,

more strikingly characteristic of the region, or more pleasing to the eye, than the rough and rugged pollarded tree, with a softer outlined companion very near, both relieved against the gleam of the afternoon sky, so clearly that they really seem to throw the horizon into a distance ordinarily only considered possible in large pictures. Here we have the boat of the Flemish river, too, and one of those lateen-sailed craft that seem to have lingered in central and southern Europe while centuries since passed out of use in

suggestion so craved by the Saracen nature. It is to that period, four hundred to twice that number of years ago, when the Moors ruled Spain and held Granada, that this picture subtly refers; as still within the shadow of the portico, before the costly curtain which the black slave draws back to add to the breadth and light within, the Moorish chief is playing his game of chess with the children, while another and a female slave brings forward the fruits that are before long to minister to one more of his pleasures of taste. A marvel in all the world of wondrous architecture, is this Alhambra of Granada, as many readers of THE ALDINE are well aware from previous views given of it, within and without; but a marvel still, even in the Alhambra, is the Court of Lions, only a part of the splendor of which time has been able to destroy, while enough will long remain at once to delight and overwhelm the beholder.

"INDISCRETION."

As the story of this fine picture in the present number is told by Otto Erdmann, a German painter of much eminence, from whom we have before presented many pleasing pictures, it is this, in brief: Fraulein Charlotte, daughter of a citizen of position, has been for some time in love with a young man whose amount of wealth has not allowed him to aspire to her hand. Her parents have had no idea of this attachment. One day, however, Charlotte, walking under the lindens with her bosom-friend Gretchen, reveals the state of affairs to that *confidante*, under one of those solemn pledges of eternal secrecy usual and proper on such occasions. Very soon thereafter, Charlotte begins to pine and pale—to be ill without anything revealing itself by which the doctor can shape his remedies. Gretchen fears for the health of her friend; but the pledge is a solemn one, and she dares not reveal the secret. Then, one day, when the girls are seated together, the mother enters, anxious for her daughter; and while Charlotte is busied with some details which absorb her attention, Gretchen, overcome by her anxiety for her friend, commits the "indiscretion" of revealing the truth to the elder lady. The effect upon the mother is, for the moment, marked and painful. She comes very near to bursting out into a torrent of reproaches on the head of her daughter, and is restrained with some difficulty. Eventually, however, the "mother-love" conquers; the proud lady remembers how much her daughter's life and health are worth, and, in the end, the "indiscretion" proves to have been a happy and useful one, however many reproaches Charlotte may shower upon Gretchen.



SCENE ON THE SCHELDT, BELGIUM.—PUTTAERT.

countries moving and changing conveyance more rapidly.

COURT OF LIONS, ALHAMBRA, GRANADA, SPAIN.

This has no special story connected with it, either of itself or as drawn by the deft pencil of Richard Seel, who has caught the very spirit of the wondrous spot as it must have been in olden days. In this picture, which more completely conveys the whole marvel of architecture than any other drawing that we have seen—the name of this section of the palace and grounds is at last fully explained to the non-visitor, in the Lion Fountain standing in the centre of the court, and supplying the coolness and cool

THE DEATH OF TELL.

THERE are, with forms celestial,
And faces starry-bright —
Throughout the joyous youth-time
A hope and true delight, —
Who fall, as age advances,
Beneath some sad eclipse,
And leave no pleasant record
To be told by fondest lips.

There are, in whom the Godhead,
In youth but dimly seen,
More brightly glows and flashes,
In conduct as in mien, —
When years have laid their burthen
On shoulder and on head, —
So "the last days are the best days,"
As one of old has said.

Methinks no crown *he* needed —
Thus known to world-wide fame —
As one who wore so nobly
The Swiss Deliverer's name :
To be true Tell of Altorf —
What more could patriot need?
And how could *he* be honored
By any later deed?

And yet — there was a crowning,
Unknown to history's roll :
One last great revelation
That spoke the Switzer's soul.
And though his years of silence
Have grown to centuries gray,
Why should we pause, to widen
His glory, if we may?

There's a little stream, the Schacken,
Not far from Altorf's walls,
That downward to its parent,
The Reuss, in tumult brawls ;
And dangerous is its current
To feeble limb or hand,
When those in lusty manhood
Its force can scarce withstand.

Old age had bowed Tell's figure,
And blanched his dark-brown hair :
The hand that clove the apple
No more such deed might dare : —
When in that raging torrent
He saw a struggling child,
While on the bank the mother
In helpless fright ran wild.

The Switzer paused no moment ;
Though prudence well might ask
If yet the limb held vigor
For such a venturous task.
He plunged to do that rescue :
He sank, to rise no more
Until, with weeds and timber,
He floated dead to shore.

And thus the great life ended :
God ! — was it not the best
Of all the deeds of valor
That won a hero's rest ?
So mused I, by the Schacken :
So say we, true and well,
That the last deed was the best deed,
That closed the life of Tell !

— Henry Morford.

ART IN BOSTON.

LANDSCAPE art in Boston never aggregated better results than at present. And of course, when results are spoken of, the term must necessarily imply not only immediate present results, but their influence on the future. Not only growth that will please to-day, but that will encourage toward to-morrow's anticipated pleasure as well. The art that caters only to the moment's delight, or that gives no promise of satisfying a demand that will surely come to-morrow, is very poor art.

Certain it is that recent examinations made of the landscapes of George Inness, both in gallery and studio, are most satisfactory. Early last summer, shortly after Mr. Inness's return from Paris, where he had been studying and working after he left Rome, he exhibited a number of his Italian and American landscapes, neither class of which were entirely satisfactory, though there was a general feeling of a master's presence, as well as special indications of high

attainments honoring American art. One of the unsatisfactory pieces was a large canvas, about six feet by ten, "Pine Grove at Barbarini Villa," which in many parts was hard and woodeny, but which he has now at his studio, literally making a new picture of it. In the centre of the picture is a massive growth of the "stone pines" of Italy, three of them towering high in the air, and the others receding in distance and stature. The three principal trees are fine studies of form, and of color and effect lent by light striking in different ways as observed from the spectator's line of vision. A stone wall comes up at a sharp angle just at their base, catching a streak of sunlight exquisite in its intensity, and dividing it with a growth of olives ; while further to the left it illuminates a portion of a flock of sheep, leaving another portion in shadow. In the immediate foreground, reclining on a gray rock, his lower limbs hidden behind it, is a peasant watching the sheep : a perfect picture of an Italian peasant, giving a fine suggestion of laziness and listlessness. Italian life — or, to use a better expression, Italian lack of life — is charmingly hinted at. Beyond the grove, and seen through its interstices, the pink flush of the campagna stretches for a dozen miles, and then is lost in the dimly suggested shore-line of the Mediterranean. The sky is strong and masterly, and the whole subject expresses grandeur and immensity. Yet for my own feeling, and for the truest expression of the Italy of poetry and song, I should often turn my eyes from it to ponder the extreme simplicity of a small canvas which he exhibited recently, inviting the eye to a stretch of vision across the same campagna, in the centre of which, and in the middle distance, appeared a portion of an arch of the ancient aqueduct. This was all, except sky and grass. No combination of rock, mountain or tree could speak so eloquently and so poetically. And here a word parenthetically. Why do all our artists, when they seek the West, forthwith put on canvas only the "grand cañons," the "noble gorges," and similar objects, to the exclusion of simple breadth of distance and sweep of vision offered by the vast prairies? I have often been asked, by mountain-reared people of New England, if the prairies did not become monotonous, when I saw so much of them ; and they frequently flush with a fit of indignation when I say that the monotony is in the mind of the gazer rather than the landscape. Why, I saw a little canvas, a short time ago, painted by G. D. Russell, the music publisher, who wields the pencil occasionally, more for his own amusement than anything else — that was, in its way, literally full of this breadth of feeling. It was only a bit of prairie, an Indian trail reaching off through the tall grass, and up this trail were riding several Indians on their ponies. It is true art that can present this vastness with no measuring line of mountain or tree ; and when American artists present such views in the simple way in which French ones do the homely, almost vulgar scenes about the very doors of the suburban villas of Paris, then we shall have an art that is American in every sense, and that is worthy of the name. Mr. Inness has a number of other subjects in the galleries and on the easel, that are fine examples of his genius. A sunset effect at Doll & Richards' is the sweetest expression of sentiment by means of light and atmosphere, that I have seen from his easel. The cloud formations are grand and expressive, and their tints are exquisite. This is a study in Medway, and shows more genius in its handling than any of his Italian subjects. His best American pictures, it seems to me, are unrivaled.

George L. Brown has lately had at Williams & Everett's one of his finest Italian views, which somewhat present Italy to my vision better than those of any other American artist. People speak of the monotony of his coast scenes ; but when I look upon their stretch of distance over still and dreary water, and the beautiful tone, color and quality of his atmosphere, and when I see each and all of them treated in the same way, I can not avoid the impression that they are painted not only from knowledge and feeling, but in thorough obedience to a settled idea in his mind. Italy itself personifies monotony, so his translations are doubly true. Whatever Mr.

Brown's incongruities of color in foreground may sometimes be, it should be remembered that what he is after is the effect of Italian atmosphere and distance, and his success in this is invariably attained. Mr. Brown sketched in New Hampshire the past summer ; and the subjects he brought home show him in a new light, their effects of color being quite superb in many instances, and their qualities of tone and atmosphere thoroughly good.

Ernest Longfellow is doing good work, taking the same line in art that his father does in poetry. He chooses simple and modest scenes for his pencil, and puts them on canvas through the medium of grays and a variety of modest colors, all toned and sweetened therewith. A little landscape at Williams & Everett's is all aglow with sunlight painted in a low key ; and a marsh subject, its monotony relieved by arms of the sea, full-viewed at high tide, and a stretch of a black evergreen growth that composes finely in the picture, and relieves firmly against the grays. Beyond is the broad ocean, beautiful in a sympathetic color ; and above is a sky of tenderness and genuine poetic feeling.

W. E. Norton, our marine painter, has made fine studies of sea and shore during the season, and now has on his easel a grand effect which he calls "At Sea : —" the sea rolling in a saucy way ; the sky, blustering and threatening, finely conceived and powerfully drawn ; a ship, with bellying sails, bearing down toward the spectator, with great force, and sailors in the rigging furling the sails against the coming greater rigor. A small view of Portland, from Peak's Island, occupying a place of honor in his studio, is charming in a silvery light dancing over the water, and an atmosphere over the distant city, which, with the concentration of light in the middle distance, veils it in delightful semi-obscurity.

Darius Cobb has lately finished a view across the Common, from the roof of the Studio Building, taking in a bird's-eye view of the architecture of the Back Bay, and giving a distant view of outlying hills, that is so much a novelty in the way of treatment as well as subject suggested, that it deserves longer mention than is at present possible. The strength of the picture is in its sky : a mass of cloud reaching across the canopy, intensely white with the noonday light massed upon it, throwing much of the middle distance, such as the tops of the trees, into comparative shadow, and lending to several church spires and prominent buildings something of its own clearness and vigor. It is one of the most notable pictures I have seen on a Boston easel this season. Mr. Cobb paints a good many portraits, and some of them are exceedingly good. One of these is a head of his brother Sylvanus, of *Ledger* romance fame, which is now at Williams & Everett's. It is picturesque and rich in color, the light being massed on the white beard much as on the cloud in the landscape spoken of, and with the same effect in an art sense.

E. L. Custer also continues portraiture and landscape ; the latter being *con amore*, as he can snatch time from the commissions continually crowding him in the former line. His finest heads are those of children — with whose ways he thoroughly sympathizes, and whose actions are suggested, as well as features outlined, on canvas. His latest portrait is of a little daughter of Governor Cheney, of New Hampshire, whose face is a wonderful study of vivacity. A landscape studied in New Hampshire in early autumn, is poetic in color and artistic in treatment.

William Willard's head of Sumner might be written of to the extent of an entire letter. In qualities of strength and massiveness, it ranks among the best heads by any American artist since Stuart, and its color is rich and full. I have seen no other head of the statesman, by Boston or other artist, that gave more than a suggestion of the massive strength of the Massachusetts senator's character. Maps of his face we have had *ad nauseam* ; but this is "the only head," as the general verdict of Boston art-lovers expresses it.

It is a pity some such verdict as that could not have been arrived at respecting the Sumner memorial, regarding the models submitted to the committee lately, and as yet but partially decided. Boston is some-

thing of a merry surprise in her public statuary, and bids fair to run from merriment to uproarious laughter. The committee have selected three of the models for future action—one by Martin Millmore, one by Thomas Ball, and one by Annie Whitney. The former has a good head, but one of the most stiff and ungainly bodies ever modeled from clay. The second is a better figure, but the face expresses nothing of Sumner. The third is Sumner in neither face nor figure. It is rather spirited, but so are many figures that have no other merit; and to me there is something ridiculous in any ordinary woman attempting to reproduce Sumner in clay or marble. If she had some of the elements of Charlotte Cushman or Harriet Hosmer, she might succeed, but not else. If America had a Thorwaldsen, he would be the man. It is a disgrace that the matter was submitted to a committee at all; but, if at all, the decision should have been one to command respect. The best of the models exhibited was by J. D. Perry, and it was set aside entirely. I have heard no authoritative reason. Some say because it was smaller than the prescribed directions; which reminds one of the woman who selected her library by measurement, buying her books in bulk; another, that the legs were crossed, which was a favorite position with the senator; and, if not, it might be better for Massachusetts to have a commanding head and figure, even if the legs were crossed. If either Miss Whitney's or Mr. Ball's is selected, it will be a good plan to place the statue so high the head can not be seen. —*Jarl Marmor.*

A TOUCH BY BUONAROTTI.

From the Italian.

COSIMO I. DE MEDICI, Grand Duke of Tuscany, published, in the year 1552, an edict in which he invited all the Italian and foreign sculptors to make a statue of St. Cecilia. It was to be executed in one year; and he offered a reward of two hundred florins of gold for the one which should be without defect, and Michael Angelo was to be the judge.

At this period, there were in Florence two orphan brothers, very poor, whose name was Rolla. The elder was twenty-two years old, a sculptor by profession; the younger, Carlino by name, scarcely counted ten years, and was studying design with great assiduity, having for his master his brother, who, in order to provide for their maintenance, made statuettes, much in vogue at that time, and sold them to a merchant, who gave him twenty florins of silver apiece, and afterward sold them for four times that sum, as they were remarkably beautiful. Keeping secret the name of the skillful Florentine artist, he gave his customers to understand that these statuettes came to him from Germany, in order not to lose so lucrative a business.

When the young Rolla read the edict of the generous prince, he at once resolved to try for the prize, thinking that if he should be happy enough to obtain it, his fortune would be made. In order to procure the marble, he was constrained to sell nearly all the furniture he possessed. Fortunately, he had already made several statuettes, the sale of which would furnish them with their daily bread for nearly a year, because, in putting his hand to so important a work, he could not be occupied with other things.

He had enough money to get the marble, but he had not enough to procure the models necessary for the perfection of his statue. He resolved, therefore, to go every day to the Santissima Annunziata, the most frequented of all the churches in Florence. Several weeks had gone by, and he had never once seen any one who could by any possibility serve him as a model; when, one morning, there entered a beautiful young girl, elegantly dressed, and followed by two servants in rich livery. With a majestic bearing she approached the altar of the Virgin, threw herself on her knees, and raising her eyes to the divine image, seemed rapt in ecstasy.

Then our young sculptor, who had earnestly watched this heavenly being, drew from his pocket a sheet of paper and a pencil, and set himself to draw the lovely girl in this humble attitude.

Returning home, Rolla made a model in clay which bore a wonderful resemblance to the young stranger; her very position, with her elbow leaning on the cushion of the *prie-dieu*, made a beautiful study for his St. Cecilia. He worked at it early and late, with an ardor and a zeal he had never felt before. He thought of the glory, of the fame he should achieve if he should be rewarded for his labor; he thought of the fortune he could make for his dear little brother, and then he should have kept his promise, made at the death-bed of his father, to take care of him and to make him happy. Animated by these noble sentiments, and inspired by an intense love of art, he produced in marble a St. Cecilia which almost seemed to breathe; and one would have said that an immortal being had come down into this lower world for a brief time, then to return to the heavenly mansions of the blessed.

He had finished it all except the elbow of the left arm, and, he did not know for what reason, perhaps by a fatal presentiment, several times he had begun to work on it, and in a few moments would stop and put it off till another day.

At length, as the end of the year approached, he resolved to finish his statue, and taking the chisel in his hand, he began to work at the elbow of which we have spoken. But, alas! he found a vein* in the marble, and letting fall the chisel from his hand, he stood terrified; he dared not go on, fearing the marble would break; an unusual tremor seized him, and cast down and disheartened, he covered the statue with a cloth, exclaiming, "Oh! how unhappy I am! There is an end of all my fine hopes;" and embracing his little brother, he shed bitter tears of grief and despair.

At the end of the year, according to the order of the Grand Duke, all the sculptors sent their statues of St. Cecilia to the Pitti Palace, and the Grand Duke, accompanied by Michael Angelo, who had come expressly from Rome, went to see them. When the visit was ended, Cosimo called upon Buonarrotti to pronounce his judgment; but great was his surprise when the latter said that not one of these statues deserved the reward. The Grand Duke, not wishing to come to any determination without having first well weighed the matter, ordered that the halls should be thrown open to the public for a week, that he might in that way discover the opinions of the Florentines in regard to the statues.

The next day, when the young brother of our sculptor was going to carry the last statuette to the merchant for sale, he met a little boy of his own age, who said to him, "Ah! Carlino, I have great news to tell you—the halls of the Grand Ducal palace are open to everybody, and I have seen so many, so many statues all representing a saint whose name I have forgotten. Oh! what a crowd of people! You could not move! I could hardly see them all."

Hearing this, Carlino, instead of going to the merchant's, went straight to the Pitti Palace, with the statuette on his shoulder. After having seen the statues, he said to himself: "I do not see one as beautiful as my brother's St. Cecilia. What a pity it is not here! It would surpass all these."

He was going away, thoughtful and melancholy, when he saw, through the open door of an inner room, the royal guards enter to make way for the court. The boy, eager to see the Grand Duke, hid himself behind a statue; but the small head of the statuette was seen between two pedestals.

Michael Angelo, who preceded the prince, observed it. Going toward the boy, he said to him: "What have you there, my boy?—let me see it."

"A statuette of my brother's," he replied, coming out of his hiding-place. "Do you wish to buy it? Will you give us more for it than our merchant?"

Michael Angelo took the statue, and, after having greatly admired the work, said a few words in a low voice to the prince, who, giving the statuette to a page, gave his purse to the lad, who departed at once, followed by Michael Angelo, who was impatient to

make the acquaintance of an artist of such distinguished merit.

When they reached Rolla's studio they did not find him at home; but Carlino said to the great artist, whom he did not know, that he would look for his brother, and would bring him back in a few moments. Michael Angelo remained alone, and was much struck with the poverty of the place; and, looking around, he saw the statue. He lifted the cloth, and was overwhelmed with astonishment at seeing so beautiful a St. Cecilia.

But to his experienced eyes, which nothing escaped, the unfinished elbow at once presented itself; and examining it, he soon discovered the cause.

Taking a chisel, in a few moments he made the most beautiful elbow imaginable. Hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, he covered the statue, and sat down again.

It was Carlino, who told him that he had sought in vain for his brother everywhere that he was in the habit of going. Michael Angelo replied that it did not matter much, and that he would come again in the course of the day; and he went away very well pleased with having discovered, in this poor dwelling, a genius, a new glory to Italy.

An hour after his departure, the elder brother returned home, more sad and melancholy than usual; but Carlino, throwing his arms around him, said, "Courage, dear brother,—great news, be merry, take this purse, there are five beautiful golden florins in it. An old gentleman made the Grand Duke buy your last statuette, and the prince himself gave me this purse. I ran off at once, impatient to tell you the good news, when I saw that the good gentleman had followed me. I slackened my steps, he overtook me, and said he wished to make your acquaintance. We came together; you were not here. I left him here alone, and went everywhere looking for you, but could not find you."

At these last words Rolla raised his eyes to the statue, and saw that the cloth which covered it had been displaced. He uncovered it. Oh, wonder of wonders! the elbow was finished, and his St. Cecilia was perfect.

"A divine angel," he exclaimed, in a transport of joy, "has deigned to visit my poor studio. Oh, Michael Angelo! you alone can have wrought this miracle; may you be a thousand times blessed!" Our Rolla could not contain himself in his joy at an event so extraordinary—so fortunate. He kissed his brother again and again. He walked up and down in his studio. He clapped his hands. In short, he was beside himself. At length, he heard in the street a great noise of horses, carriages, and men-at-arms, and heard the shout, "Long live Cosimo!"

It was, indeed, the prince, who, at the instance of Michael Angelo, had come in person to see the statue of St. Cecilia which so far surpassed all those which he had seen in his palace.

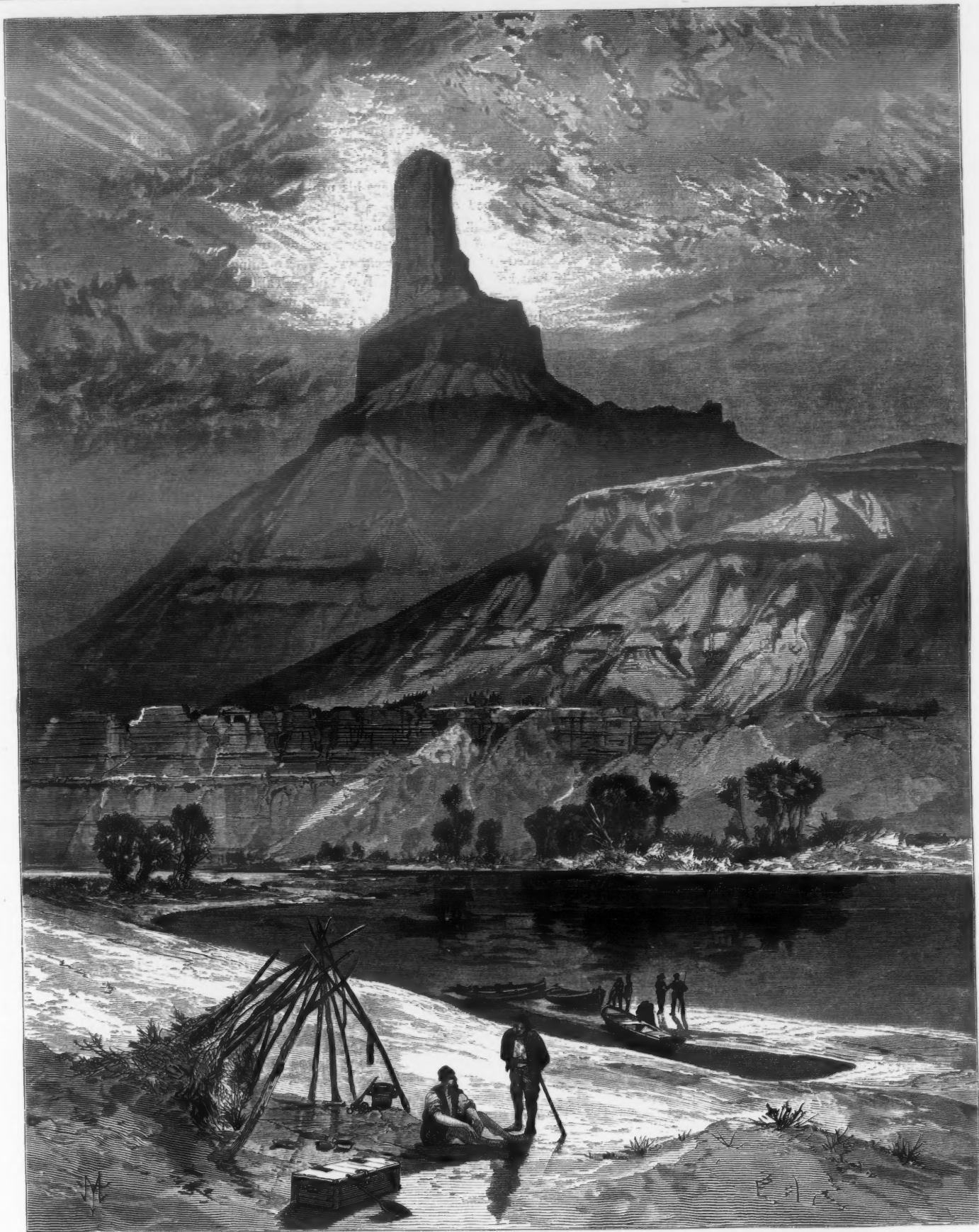
"Your Royal Highness," said Buonarrotti, "here is the statue which deserves the prize. It is without defect, and does honor to the man who could produce so perfect a work."

Cosimo, after having gazed upon it for some time, replied, "Beautiful, indeed! We had not expected to see a work so finely executed among the best masters of the art. But why was not this St. Cecilia sent to the Pitti Palace? Where is the artist? We would see him."

Then Michael Angelo presented the young Rolla to the Grand Duke, who said: "Let this statue be carried immediately to the royal palace; the young artist shall be rewarded in the presence of our whole court, and we will grant him our protection."

Cosimo de Medici went away with Michael Angelo amid the shouts and acclamations of a great crowd of people, who accompanied them, leaving, overwhelmed with joy, the two brothers, who saw a happy future opening before them, by the generosity of a prince who protected the fine arts, and by the magnanimity of an artist who, more than any other, has enriched Italy with a great number of marvelous works and magnificent monuments, which this great mind had wisdom to create. —*Alice D. Wilde.*

* A vein in the marble, in the language of artists, is a most fragile part, which will break very easily, unless the sculptor has had many years' practice with the chisel, and has great lightness of hand.



THE AZURE CLIFFS OF GREEN RIVER.—THOMAS MORAN.

GLORIES OF SOUTHERN UTAH.

If the lips, or even the pencils, of those who have explored the southern portions of the mysterious land of the Mormons, Utah, can be trusted—that land has features of singularity, combined with others of true magnificence, making it indeed a marvel among all lands, and proving not only that the great Alps of the Old World may be challenged in their very boasts, but that the Yosemite Valley, so far admitted to be the crowning glory of natural scenery in America, has a rival if not indeed a superior in the Valley of the Rio Virgen. An artist pencil would need to be dipped in the colors of Claude Lorraine, to paint what a friend has recently described to us, of the ochres and vermilions supplying such wondrous effects in many of the buttes of that region; and, taken all in all, it

is very evident that wonder-seekers have no occasion to cross the Atlantic for the purpose of bathing their souls in the marvelous as well as the marvelously beautiful,—as also that our good friends, the Mormons, whether they knew the fact or not, have taken possession of the most notable stretch of land on the American continent, even if they have not (as many believe) helped themselves to the very richest.

The views of Utah scenery presented in this number are from the pencil of Mr. Thomas Moran, whose "Mountain of the Holy Cross" has crowned all his other labors in delineating the mid-continent, and literally made him the pictorial apostle of that region. The most notable of these pictures, of which all well supplement the preceding excellent illustrations of Utah scenery from the same pencil,—is "The Rock-Rover's Land," on and about the North Fork of the

Rio Virgen; and it is not too much to say that the romantic scenery here depicted is eminently worthy of the romantic name borne by it, and that in many regards the picture is among the very best yet given of any of the wonders of the Far West and Southwest. Nothing can exceed the clearness with which the bluffs reveal themselves in the middle distance, except the almost crystal brightness of the higher peaks seen so much further through the almost colorless atmosphere; and even these features are rivaled by the charming reality of the "links" of the little stream which cools and relieves the whole. The remark is worth repeating, that in many regards this picture has never been excelled by any artist—and that it adds materially to the reputation of Mr. Moran as one of the high priests of continental scenery.

The second of these pictures is much more con-

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THE ELFS' WATER-POCKET. — THOMAS MORAN.

finer in scope, but with features of corresponding excellence. It bears the name of "U-nu-pin-pecavo," or "The Elfs' Water-Pocket;" has its location at the head of the "To-Ro-Weap Valley," near the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, in Southern Utah; and exhibits one of those deep and dusky pools, amid overhanging and overshadowing rocks, in which the only water of the whole section is gathered and retained, to slake the thirst of man and beast, and to prevent the whole country falling away to be an actual uninhabitable desert. It need scarcely be said that this place, like all others of its kind, is a favorite resort for the Indians of the section, as well as for the few whites who chance upon it—and that many of their incantation ceremonies take place around it, well justifying the supernatural character ascribed in the title.

In another picture, a somewhat marvelous illustration is given of the tendency of water-courses to carry the features of one section of their length, to a very distant and different one, if no great natural obstacle interposes. Every one who has passed over the Pacific roads, will remember Green River, on the edge of Utah, and the strange rock formations in the neighborhood, conveying the idea of castles, cathedrals, and all that class of mediæval erections. The present picture conveys the features of "The Azure Cliffs of Green River," lying not less than one hundred miles south of the spot where the Pacific road crosses that river, and yet bearing so many similar characteristics that the resemblance is instantly to be recognized. Few such spires of rock, thus buttressed and terraced, rise even in the wonderful mid-continent; and there is a matter of historical interest in the alternate name

of the bold bluff with its rocky spiral tower—that of "Gunnison's Butte." For here it was that the lamented explorer, Lieutenant Gunnison, made his crossing of the Green River in 1853, when taking those first surveys for a contemplated Pacific road, only four years after the discovery of gold in California, and when none could have anticipated the present greatness of our Western Empire, or the magnificence of the lines of travel crossing the continent and giving access to it. Undoubtedly the "Azure Cliffs" are among the most notable features of a wonderful land; and they certainly supply, from the pencil and the burin combining to illustrate them, a picture of exceptional beauty as well as the historical interest thus attaching to them. Gunnison, dying in a noble cause, has a noble monument, worthy of its present unexceptionable setting.

ART CRITICISM.

A WORD TO THE CENTENNIAL JUDGES.

A VERY natural anxiety is felt by all who desire the success of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, that the state of the fine arts in America shall be fitly represented. It has been suggested that a committee of artists should decide upon the merits of the pictures tendered for exhibition, and one recognized painter has been publicly named as a fitting umpire on the interesting occasion. There is little reason to fear a failure if the committee do their duty manfully; but they must not suffer any personal partialities, nor the persuasions of friends, nor the prestige of any successful local artist, to interfere with their decrees. Merit, hitherto obscured, may make itself manifest in a single picture. The conscientious painter, unknown beyond the precincts of his own village, may wake up one morning and find himself famous by the verdict of intelligent and honest judges. That will be as it should be. But the task of the committee will not be easy. There are many gradations in artistic power. Pictures are not, as a rule, either very good or intolerably bad: indifferent drawing will often be associated with skillful coloring, an attention to effect, and a compliance with several of the other imperative laws of art. In England, the Royal Academicians have little difficulty in determining which of the works sent in for inspection shall receive the honor of a place in the annual exhibition, for their taste and experience have established a standard of merit which will bear the test of severe criticism. Nevertheless, the authors of the rejected pictures are sure to ascribe the action of the judges to any motive but the true one. The worse the painters, the greater their impatience of an adverse judgment. They have not ability sufficient to discern, or candor enough to admit, their own demerits. A few years since, an enterprising proprietor of a London gallery offered to find a home for all the rejected paintings of a particular season, and accordingly invited several gentlemen, acknowledged *dilettanti*, to form themselves into a committee for the inspection of the "great unhung." Two hundred and fifty members of the Brush and Palette Society challenged a public investigation of their claims. Perhaps there never was beheld a more deplorable collection of rubbish. The entire array was a triumphant vindication of the integrity of the Council of the Academy. The miserable daubs received universal ridicule and condemnation. Previous to this, an equally striking proof of the fallibility of judges of art, who were not themselves experienced and successful artists, was presented in the exhibition, at Westminster Hall, of sundry cartoons, by competitors for the honor of painting the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament. The press, to a man, pronounced for the works of certain well-known painters; but the Government Commissioners, composed of Academicians and recognized *cognoscenti*, awarded the prizes—with one or two glorious exceptions—to artists "to fortune and to fame unknown." These instances point to the necessity for great caution in the selection of the Fine Art Committee at Philadelphia; and although we have referred merely to their examination of the productions of American artists claiming space on the walls of the Centennial Gallery, it will be very desirable that they should examine with care the paintings that may come from abroad, that our people may have the brightest examples of modern art before them, as fitting guides in their own future operations.

We have spoken above of the business of selecting from the works of existing painters. There will, however, we sincerely trust, be an accumulation of pictures that have stood the test of ages. Without disparaging the labors of the living, we must insist upon the superiority of the old masters,—the great Italians who flourished when princes were their patrons, and a cultivated public eye ratified the taste of royalty. The careless visitor of the wonderful galleries of Rome, Florence, Naples, Dresden, France, England, Holland, etc., will perhaps turn away from the contemplation of pictures which simply illustrate the

early history of Christianity; but the honest painter will linger over them with a sense of enjoyment resulting from his appreciation of a power he can not envy but would gladly imitate. How emphatically William Hazlitt, then trying to be a painter, describes his first view of the works of the mighty masters of the art. He had been through the Gallery of the Louvre, which contained the French Exhibition—and peeping through the door which led to the old paintings, he felt as if he were looking out of purgatory into paradise—from Poussin's noble mellow-looking landscapes, to where Rubens hung out his gaudy banner, and down the glittering vista to the rich jewels of Titian and the Italian school. At last, the "crystal bar of Eden" was opened to him. "It was," he says, "a *beau jour* to me. I marched, delighted, through a quarter of a mile of the proudest efforts of the mind of man—a whole creation of genius—a universe of art * * * How often, thou tenantless mansion of godlike magnificence—how often has my heart since gone a pilgrimage to thee!" [This was written in 1867, after the French Exhibition had been broken up, and the paintings returned to their possessors.]

Americans, who have the means of visiting Europe, have no doubt seen the greatest works of art to be found in the public galleries. Millions of our countrymen, however, have neither the means, nor the time, nor the opportunity of crossing the Atlantic to behold them. As Mahomet can not go to the mountain, let us hope from the liberality of the King of Italy and his Holiness the Pope, that some of the treasures of the Vatican, the Pitti Palace, and other galleries wonderfully rich in the works of the mighty dead, may be intrusted to our keeping for a season. Let the stores of the mountain come to us. They will be reverentially guarded, and it will ever be a consolation to the nations who thus confide in America, that they have contributed to the extension of a noble art in a land which was first discovered by one of their own enterprising children. Let the spirit which animated Columbus, inform the minds of the rulers of the land which gave him birth.

—J. H. Siddons.

THE EVE OF ALL SAINTS.

THE moon shone through the large uncurtained windows. The baby slept softly in her dainty white cot; while we older children gathered about the fire, whose dying light flickered over the wrinkled face of Françoise, our French *bonne*,—endeared to our parents by years of faithful service, and to ourselves by her watchful tenderness, and above all, by a vast store of quaint old legends, acquired by her in her native Brittany.

On hearing one of those legends we were now somewhat willfully determined, and so we quietly informed our nurse. As it was Hallowe'en, we claimed a certain indulgence as to hours, and she, as usual, yielded to our entreaties.

"But, my young masters," remonstrated Françoise, "this is no night for foolish tales or idle fancies. In my own land we always pray on the Eve of All Saints—for the dead, for those we have loved and lost. After such prayers all good Christians sleep soundly, lulled by the gentle breathing of sleeping children. But I remember a story I heard from the lips of my grandmother. From it you may each learn a lesson.

"Perik Kerjean was a hearty, vigorous young man, alone in the world. He was poor, and worshiped all that money might bring him. He often stood by the road-side, and watched the gallant noblemen in their velvet suits as they galloped past, and longed with bitter envy for the well-filled purses that hung at their sides.

"Were I but as rich as they, I, too, could sit on a red cushion in the parish church, and the fairest maiden in the village would gladly ride on a pillion behind me!"

"Full of such thoughts as these, Perik wandered, on the Eve of All Saints, to and fro on the stretch of sea-sand beneath the cliffs. Midnight was close at hand, and all good people were safe in their beds.

"The waves roll sullenly in; the wind is rising;

the distant horizon is black with gathering clouds; but still Perik walks on.

"He looks up at the mountain top, frowning far above, and thinks more and more earnestly of the strange tale he heard from the hermit in the wood. Now this same hermit was believed to know everything that had happened in the last hundred years, throughout the whole district; and the hermit had told Perik that, on the moorland close by, had once stood a large and powerful city. The ships of this city had covered the wide ocean with their white sails, and the city itself was governed by a king whose only sceptre was a slender hazel wand. But this wand, insignificant as it looked, was full of power, and, aided by its magic, the king performed miracles.

"But the great city and the great king were both to be destroyed by reason of their wickedness. So the good God commanded the sands, and the rocks on the shore, to roll up in great waves and engulf the city, with all its wicked inhabitants. 'And now,' said the hermit, 'high mountains and thick dark forests cover the spot where once stood the fair and prosperous town. But, once each year—on the Eve of All Saints, just as the clocks strike twelve—a path opens through the mountain, and this path leads directly to the palace of the king. And in the inner room of this palace still hangs this powerful magic wand. But to reach this, marvelous speed must be used; for at the last stroke of twelve, the passage closes, and is not seen by mortal eye for another year.'

"Perik repeated to himself this extraordinary story; and now, dear children, you may perhaps be able to guess why he wandered alone on the dreary sea-shore so late at night.

"At last, a sharp sound was heard from the village clock. Perik started, and in the clear starlight he saw the granite rock slowly open, like the jaws of a dragon awaking from slumber. The youth drew his leather belt tighter, and dashed into the narrow passage, lighted but dimly by fitful gleams like those seen at night in cemeteries. He soon reached the palace, the stones of which were as massive as those of a cathedral.

"The first room he entered was full of silver, heaped like grain in a barn. But Perik looked for something of more value than silver. So on he went. At this moment the sixth stroke of midnight sounded.

"The second room he finds richer in gold pieces than are the June meadows in blades of grass; but Perik asks more than gold, and on he rushes. The clock strikes seven.

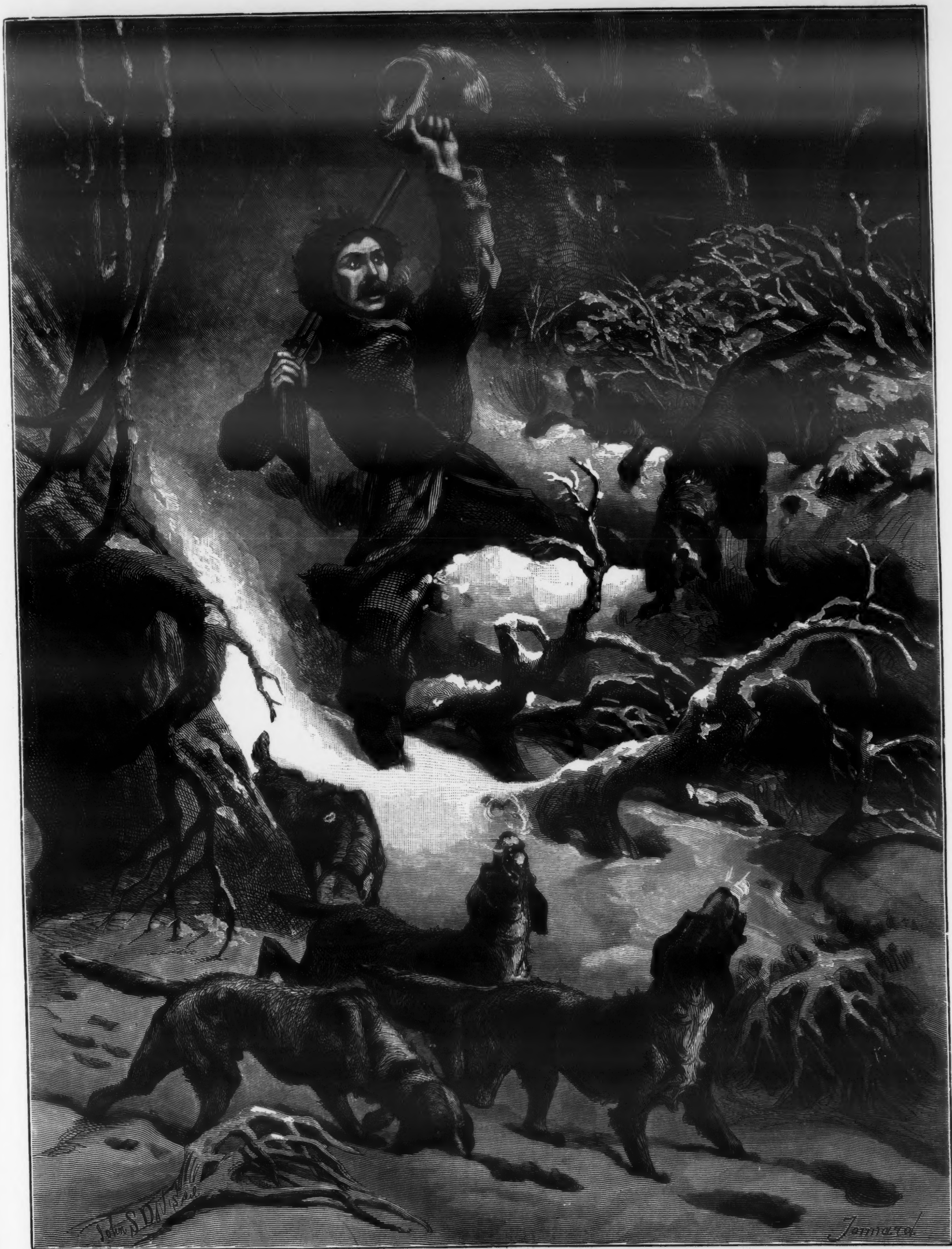
"The third room he enters is filled with baskets heaped with pearls, that bubble like milk in the brown pans of the village dairies. Perik would have liked well to carry off some of these treasures to deck a pretty girl he knew, but he dared not delay, for he hears the clock strike eight.

"The fourth room was as bright as day, illuminated, however, only by enormous diamonds, that gave out more light than the bonfires on the village green. Here Perik hesitated. But as he heard the ninth stroke of the clock he ran toward the last room. There he was struck dumb by admiration. Under the hazel-tree wand, that hung high upon the wall at the further end of the room, stood a hundred fair maidens. Each held in one hand a crown of oak leaves, in the other a flagon of red wine. The youth who had resisted silver and gold, pearls and diamonds, is not proof against the fascinations of these beautiful women!

"Now clangs the tenth stroke. Perik hears it not. The eleventh; and still he stood—not ears, but eyes—and at last came the twelfth, sounding like the guns of a ship among the breakers. Perik, aroused at last, dimly conscious of his peril, turned to fly. But, alas! there was now no time. The doors refuse to open. The hundred fair maidens are now but an hundred rocks of granite. All is dark. All is silent!

"From this simple tale, dear young masters, you may learn what may happen to lads who yield too readily to the tempter's voice. It is wiser to tread life's path with eyes humbly cast upon the earth, than to run the risk of craving the stars, which belong only to God and God's angels!"

—Alice Stirling.



A BEAR HUNT.—JOHN S. DAVIS.

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A LOVER'S ABSTRACTION.

WHEN this poor heart is dust, and I no more
Can see thee, hear thee, thrill at thy caress,
Or whisper that I love, what sore distress
Shall seize my soul with pangs unknown before!
Still to love on, and on, still to adore
When life has shrunk into a thought; when less,
And less, hope's anchor holds me to the shore,
Drifting into infinity: possess
The lingering desire, the passionate
Longing; I, who shall never more of thee
Be known:—Oh, 'tis too horrible a fate!
Come, let me clutch at straws, ere such a sea
Howls o'er my head and leaves me desolate—
Kiss me, ere I have lost thee utterly!

Why, 'twas a dream! some nightmare of the mind,
By fate conjured to mock a lover's bliss.
The moody shape dissolved at thy warm kiss,
As clouds before a summer-breathing wind.
Thy heart beats on my own; tender and kind,
Thine eyes drink in my soul; all fears I miss
In the sweet circle of thine arms,—in this
Fate can not come, and death is left behind.
Why, if my soul could ever leave thee here,
Widowed and lorn, it could not further go
Than thy breast warms the air, and, lingering near,
Would melt into thy own, as the late snow
In spring melts on some flower. Then, kiss me, dear,
And seal the future with a holy vow.

—Geo. T. Welch.

"PIQUE," AT THE FIFTH AVENUE
THEATRE.

AFTER a certain amount of labor and production in any given direction, it becomes usual to think of the performer of that labor, and the manager of that production, as always engaged in similar work, and as only allowed a given time between the exhibition to the world of one and another result of that labor. Smith is always spoken of, or inquired of, with reference to the special book which he is about to produce or has well under way; Jones comes under similar supervision, as to the play which he has necessarily been privately elaborating as a condition of "nobody having heard anything of him" for a certain period; and Robinson is fixed in the public mind as assuredly having some new labor-saving invention nearly ready, whether any one has heard of it or no, so many weeks or months having elapsed since the production and patenting of his double back-action potato-masher. Something they must have been doing all that while. So much the public knows, intuitively. What is that something? This the public keeps asking, and will keep asking, till the day of doom, with reference to all men known to have the cacoethes, terminated by any descriptive word in the language—the sacred hunger of doing any one of an hundred imaginable things. It is just possible, meanwhile, that that general mother, the public, is in this only repeating the anxious inquiry, in another shape, of any personal mother, when, her invisible darling having given no sound to her ears for a considerable period of time, she draws the conclusion that he necessarily must be in some sort of mischief, in the closet or the coal-bin, and calls out accordingly.

Possibly there never was a more incarnate playwright, conjoined with the manager, than Augustin Daly, of the New York Fifth Avenue Theatre. As a playwright alone, separated from the manager, he has certainly one peer, and possibly one superior,—Mr. Dion Boucicault being able to elaborate a much greater number of plays within any given period, and being also much his leader in the art of helping himself to material, crude or already in use, from all the four corners of dramatic possibility, and the cognate art of proving that whatever he has taken, from anywhere or any one, was originally placed there by himself, and belonged to him from the beginning of time, being merely used by others, in the interim, by permission of his august self. (Instances need not be adduced; but perhaps the cool assumption of "Mimi," in which Henri Murger was first belittled and then overslaughed, may occur to some few who read and who have not been cuttle-fished into obliviousness of all the truths of current literature.) But to return to the special point under notice: Mr. Daly is undoubtedly the leading dramatist of his time, as

conjoined with the manager; and the public are always on the look-out for something necessarily flowing from any given number of months in which he has not appeared in his authorial character. Lately, those months have been many, the mere changing of the name and a few of the stage-effects of "Leah," being properly considered as mere by-play—the work of a rainy day or an idle morning—for one of his energy. And, fully carrying out the general expectation in some particulars, and overrunning it in a few if disappointing it in others,—we have the production of "Pique," at the Fifth Avenue, as the answer to all questions, and the alleviation of all anxieties.

Probably "Pique" is the most remarkable play yet achieved by Mr. Daly's hand. Its elaboration at once proves the activity of the author's mind, its heterogeneousness, and its full capacity for understanding what will "take." With the elements of assured and probably lasting popularity, and certainly with an interest which commands the attention of every beholder, it is (not to put too fine a point upon it), the oddest jumble that ever crossed the brain of a genius, or sprang from the nightmare of a preterder to that divine quality. In the first act it is nearer to light comedy than any other form of dramatic composition—with the farcical element rather thrown forward than subordinated, and with the promise naturally conveyed that the remainder of the piece is to be at least nearer to the same quality than hemp-bagging, or even linsey-woolsey, to Turkish satin. Considering the society-tendency of the first act as the Turkish satin aforementioned, it is not too much to say that the second act (we think it is the second: the play being literally in *seven*, memory may falter)—displays the linsey-woolsey, not at all discreditably, however incongruously, in a dash of domestic drama worthy of "The Willow Copse," or "Milky White." There is no actual shock, so far, however the promise of the beginning may have been varied. But when, in some of the subsequent acts (we falter, again, as to number and relation), the whole thing changes into *Seven Dials* melodrama, beating "The House on the Bridge" and "Across the Continent" in their own specialties—then, to say the least, the faculty of surprise is fully awakened, even if that of satisfaction is not deprived of all occupation. Never, in plain terms—never was there such an incongruous mixture, such a departure from all leading promise, with no actual leaving of the thread of the story, as this last farce-comedy-domestic-drama-melodrama exhibits. The "Charlie Ross" feeling in the play-going mind duly worked (and effectively worked, let it be said), there is again more than a glimpse of domestic drama in the closing act, and even a glimmer of comedy with the farce element again superadded. A wonderful mixture—we can not avoid repeating the statement in plain terms—a wonderful mixture, passing the calculation of the ordinary play-goer, and throwing the Unsuccessful Dramatist into despair as to his ever living to produce anything worthy of being named with it. It can well be imagined that such a blending of all that attracts the play-goer under widely differing conditions, must be in a certain sense effective; and so "Pique" certainly is, as it would be markedly more so if three classes of audience could manage to be present at the same representation, and each pick out the scenic, active and verbal plums of its own taste for its own delectation.

We have no intention of detailing the plot of "Pique," which (to quote a phrase which may before have been used) must be seen to be appreciated, and which will have been seen, before this sees the light, by so many thousands that the box-sheet may naturally revolt at anything approaching to adverse criticism. Enough to say, that the plot deals with some of the deepest feelings of human nature, and that the main story is one worthy of being pondered by a very large body of observers. It is not too much to believe that, in the main, the world may be the better for studying the leading incidents, and applying certain details to individual instruction and after-action. Very droll, meanwhile, are some of the episodes—by far the drollest being that of the two young fellows "hunting in couples," so to speak, in their courting

experiences, with the inevitable quarreling incident to such an arrangement running throughout. It only remains to say, of the play, that the dialogue is generally bright, as well as appropriate to the different conditions represented—that it is not seldom very witty and enjoyable—and that, upon this score alone, it is among the very best things that Mr. Daly has done, and no declension from the admitted high standard of "Divorce."

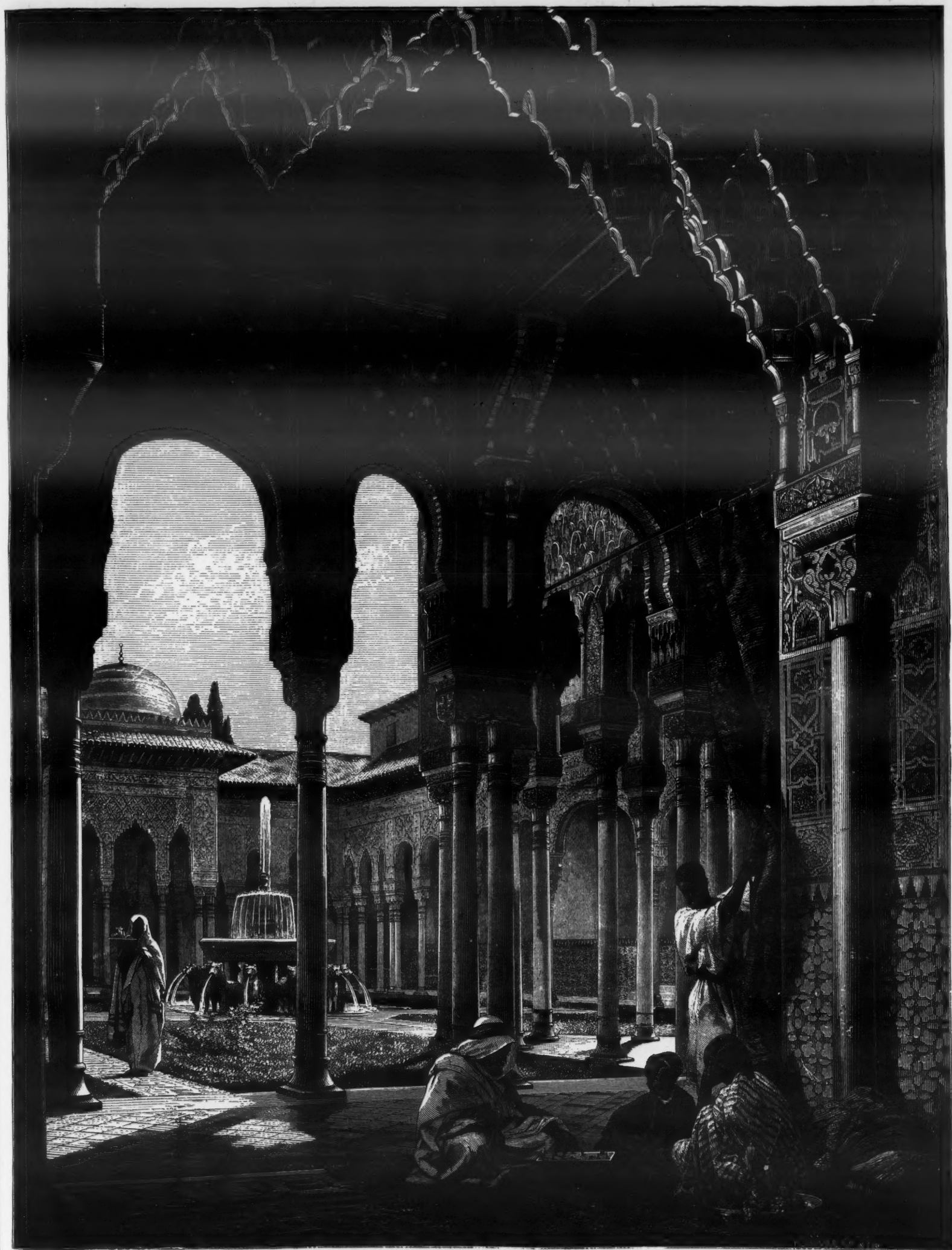
Of the acting in this play, much might be said—indeed, much more than the already considerable length of this paper will permit to follow,—and of the care and excellence of the production, only less. We can only rapidly run over the cast, with a word for each of prominence, and with something more than a word in one or two instances. It needs scarcely be said that in the part of *Matthew Standish*, the Massachusetts mill-owner, Mr. Charles Fisher is thoroughly excellent. He has to-day no superior in this line of old men, and "there an end." Nor will any doubt that as *Dr. Gossill*, the blunderingly benevolent, with a certain keenness at bottom, Mr. John Brougham is equally at home, and equally excellent. There is not much to test the blending of comedy and melodrama inherent in Mr. Harkins, in the part of *Captain Arthur Standish, U. S. N.*; but probably no man on the stage could play it better or more naturally. Mr. Maurice Barrymore is thoroughly English, and not the less acceptable, in the part of *Raymond Lessing*—no grateful character, but one which he elevates all that it is capable. Nothing can be droller—except something else of his own—than the *Sammy Dymple* of Mr. James Lewis, one of the coupled matrimony-hunters before spoken of; and he has at least a good foil in Mr. John Drew as *Thorsby Gyll*. (Why, oh why, so much of the "y" as in the last two names?) Mr. Frank Hardenberg is thoroughly at home (we hope he may not take the expression in any offensive sense!) as *Ragmoney Jim*, the tramp, burglar and child-stealer; and his "pals," *Padder* and *Picker Bob*, are very forcibly rendered by Messrs. Davidge and Rockwell. Mr. Deveau has nothing to do, except to appear at the right moment, as *Captain Speers*, of the "force;" and Mr. Beekman has even less, as *Rattlin*, the boatswain.

Turning to the lady portion of the cast, an equally grateful task lies before the critical eye and pen. Miss Fanny Davenport, whose developments of power at odd times and in odd places have stamped her as no little of a mystery, plays the opening portions of her rôle with so little *verve* as almost to deserve the charge of being careless and slovenly; but ample is the atonement made for this, later and throughout. Her *Mabel Renfrew*, from the moment when that misguided wife (married from "pique") falls seriously into trouble, is forcible to the very extreme of intensity—absolutely grand at some points, and well worthy of the convulsive feeling it creates. Since seeing Miss Kate Bateman in the maturity of her best girlish powers, in the sorrowful scenes of "Leah," we have seen no American or English actress playing with more terrible, and yet pleasing force, than Miss Davenport in the repentant, wronged, and bereaved scenes of this play, of which the measurement for her is very obvious. Oddly enough, and entirely beyond the expectation even of those who have known her best—there are many minutes of the more intense portions of her rôle, when the very voice and action of Kate Bateman at her best, seem to be present and informing the hopeless wife and sorrowful mother; and perhaps no higher praise than this, without the suspicion of imitation, is either necessary or easily possible. She has a difficult task, too, in the substitution, in which a lady becomes temporarily a female tramp and supposed companion of thieves and burglars,—and does it admirably; but those who have before noted her capacity for assuming the part of one of the "dangerous classes," will feel less of surprise at this special exhibition of power, than of gratification at noting how this young *comédienne*, brought to the test, and with the besetting entanglements of hoydenhood all shred away, can reach forth and grasp the worthiest meed of the *tragedienne*. Second, and only second, in the force of female representation, in



INDISCRETION. — OTTO ERDMANN.

this play, is the part of *Raith* (a waif from the city slums), given by Miss Sidney Cowell with a graceful force and propriety which make the rendering one of the leading features of the whole, well carrying out the prophecies of future celebrity already made for her in these pages. Miss Emily Rigl, in the part of *Lucille Renfrew*, the step-mother, plays with exquisite propriety, and finds that French shrug, in which she is so inimitable, well in place and effective. That handsome animated icicle, Miss Jeffreys Lewis, sometimes almost warms to human temperature, in the part of the overlooked but affectionate *Mary Standish*; Mrs. G. H. Gilbert gives us one more of her loving and lovely old maids (in which she has at the present time no equal on the American stage), as



COURT OF LIONS, ALHAMBRA, GRANADA. — RICHARD SEEL.

Aunt Dorothy; and the minor female characters are, at least, respectable and effective.

Whatever opinion may have been expressed of the play, "*Pique*," in the preceding, far fewer words are needed to say that, with so admirable a cast, and with

its inherent appeals to those feelings easiest reached in an audience, it has proved, and seems likely to continue, an assured and almost overwhelming success. To this end, its unexceptionable setting in every detail has no doubt contributed materially — no

other feature of any dramatic performance, at this time, having more power to charm at once and lastingly, than that which used to exercise scarcely any influence whatever, — the work of the stage-carpenter, the scene-painter, the upholsterer and the modiste.

THE SKATERS' GROUND.

THE merry skaters swarm the frozen floor
Of the blue lake; or, round the dim white shore,
The opalescent grotts and dells explore.

Where the bird sang, and hummed the golden bee,
And perfumes dripped from every bloomy tree,
And winds shed balm, and breath was ecstasy,—

Where the rich vine, from gold-grained rocks that hung,
Its quivering tendrils to the water swung
And clasped its shadow-twin the shells among,—

Old Winter, stoled in snow, sits in his prime;
And gleam the tintless pearls of winter rime,
Where still, flame-touched, the ivies cling and climb.

Where erst the silver-breasted swan upbore
His plummy wings and dipped his black-webbed oar,
With rosy beak turned toward the summer shore,—

The steel-shod skaters poise their glinting blades
From the white hazes of the gemmy shades,
And reeling, swarm the glassy esplanades;

Or spin in gyres fantastic—skim and wheel;
While in the wake of each receding heel
The ice-dust feathers round the tinniest steel,

'Neath arches crusted with the curdled snow,
With iridescent pendants thick below,
And gilded with the beamy sun's white glow,—

Round dazzling isles where frozen ripples curl,
And trees, gem-crusted, to the light winds' swirl,
Shake scentless petals from each bough of pearl,—

Until the azure crystalline is strown
With grotesque grooves; and every furrow sown
With silver dust from winged runners thrown,—

The skaters skim upon their humming blades
Till twilight falls, and the white moon invades
The pearly hazes of the glittering shades.

—Ettie Rogers.

AT NORTH CONWAY.

"I THINK you said—" There was a startled look on the pleasant face of the much-enduring waitress as she bent a little lower; and certainly the order which she had received, "Miss Sylvester and dipped toast," was rather a novel one. "I don't think I understood you, sir."

"I beg your pardon," said Philip van Dorne, coming back to the contemplation of his supper with a sudden start, and blushing like a school-boy as he became conscious of his mistake; and then, as the relieved damsel sped away, her evident fears as to his lapse from sanity being quieted by a less difficult order, he glanced again at the distant table where sat the three personages whose advent had so surprised, and, as it appeared, disconcerted him.

Two ladies and a gentleman: one lady tall, pale and dark-eyed, with a wonderful crown of pale gold hair; the other a mere child in appearance, with a round, piquant, peach-blossom face, wide blue eyes, and her fair hair cut close and curling around her forehead in little babyish rings; the gentleman a rather grave-looking, but decidedly handsome man, with no peculiarity of look or demeanor that would justify Philip van Dorne in staring at him in such a decidedly vindictive and unprepossessing way.

He watched them furtively until they rose to depart; but as they passed by he was to all appearance entirely absorbed in the roll with which he had been trifling for the last half hour, and did not raise his eyes.

They noticed him, however, for the younger lady laid her hand suddenly on her companion's arm.

"Look, Rose!" she whispered, "there's Phil van Dorne." And Rose, after one glance, passed on, with her gold-crowned head held a little higher, and her face a little paler than before.

Two minutes later, Philip van Dorne was in the office, hastily running over the list of the new arrivals at the Kearsarge House. Yes, here it was at last: "Mr. and Mrs. Colchester, Miss Sylvester, New York;" and although he had felt sure of it from the first, the sight of her changed name affected him as he had believed nothing could have done. "Joe

was right, after all," he said, bitterly, as he turned away. "Odd that I should meet them on their wedding journey, though." Very soon he found himself face to face with a gentleman with a lady on either arm.

"Mr. Van Dorne,—how unexpected, and—how pleasant!" It was a wee white hand which was extended to him, and he took it mechanically in his.

"Thank you," he said, his eyes wandering to the tall, lissome figure beside her. "I hardly thought to meet you here, Emmie."

The old pet name came almost unconsciously—Emmie had always been a favorite of his in the old days—and then Rose returned his low bow without removing her hand from the sleeve where it rested.

"Oh, and I beg your pardon,—Mr. Colchester,—Mr. Van Dorne. I believe you have met before, though."

"Yes," answered Philip, grimly, "once or twice only, I think." Emmie, with a little laugh, slipped her pretty hand through his arm.

"Rose, you and Roger lead the way. We will follow." And Philip, finding himself taken possession of, resigned himself to his fate. After all, it was better to face it bravely than to run away; so, with Emmie on his arm, he joined the promenaders on the wide veranda.

All that long evening he watched that face, that proud, pale face, which had once been to him the only face in all the world. And when at last he sat alone, trying, for once unavailingly, to find solace in a cigar, that pale, proud face seemed still before him.

How he had loved that woman!—how dear she had been to him in the old days! Yet how little had separated them. A hasty word,—a scornful reply,—and it was over.

He had been greatly to blame. He felt it now, keenly; but she had been impatient of interference, and imperious and obstinate in her pretty girlish way,—and so, at last—

"Ah, me!" said Phil, tossing his cigar away as he arose, "to think that I should meet her here on her wedding journey, not two years afterward! There were grounds for jealousy of Colchester, after all; although I don't think she is madly in love with him. Perhaps that stately, dignified style suits him, though." He thought, gloomily, of the time when that gold-crowned head had rested lightly on his shoulder, in her charming fits of penitence for some misdoing, when those eyes had looked up to him as they looked at no one else, when those lips—

"Confound it all!" he said, wrathfully, "I shall make a fool of myself if I go on in this way. Better leave quietly to-morrow—take the early train, and leave a note of adieux to Emmie." But fate ordered it otherwise; for, as he went in to his early breakfast, a nod from a curly head, and a wave from a pretty hand, brought him to a seat beside Emmie herself.

"We only stay here to-day, you see," explained the little lady, after the morning greetings were interchanged, "and we want to make the most of it. Therefore this early breakfast;" and Rose smiled across at her sister in a manner so suggestive of the bright, winsome Rose he used to know, that Phil felt bound to assert to himself that he was in no danger of "making a fool of himself" over another man's wife. "Better face it out," he thought. "It's only to-day anyway, and if I go it will look as though—as though he had not forgotten old times quite so completely as desirable, he was afraid. Thus deciding, he talked and laughed with Emmie, and was so generally agreeable that even Roger Colchester unbent a little, and the pale face opposite grew interested and appreciative. After breakfast they strolled around after the usual fashion of North Conway visitants, and Philip, having nothing else to do, strolled with them; but although he strove to seem at ease with Rose, he felt that he failed miserably, and gladly turned to Emmie for relief. She, at least, was unchanged,—just the same childish, winsome Emmie as of old, whom he had been used to pet and tease; and she had not outgrown her old liking for him, either—that was evident, for she showed it frankly. So he strolled along beside her, and pointed out the

beauties of "Minerva's Head," the shadowy "Indian Maiden," and the famed "White Horse," which, with upraised head and flying mane and tail, seems ever galloping madly away from North Conway and sight-seers in general, but ever remains there, one of the "lions" (pardon the anomaly) of the place. After dinner there was a ride proposed. "Would he go?" Emmie asked; there was "just room for four." He went.

Riding backward made Emmie ill. "Would Rose mind?" No, Rose wouldn't; and before Philip realized it Rose was sitting beside him. The silken folds of her dress swept against him; and once, as the carriage swayed heavily, her gloved hand rested on his arm with a swift, light pressure, which made his heart throb strangely.

"I beg your pardon," she said; and, looking up, her eyes met his for a moment—only a moment; but as she turned away a sudden wave of crimson swept over her face.

"She has not forgotten, then," he thought grimly, glancing at the two opposite.

Roger Colchester was, to all appearance, unconscious of the little by-play; but Emmie's blue eyes were a trifle wider than usual, and she was looking at Rose with a sudden surprised curiosity on her face.

All that afternoon Philip was invisible. Taking a full cigar-case as a companion, he set himself resolutely to the task of walking off the new depression and unrest which had come to him.

"I won't see her again," he said. "They go early to-morrow, and I'll keep away from them;" and, pursuant to this plan, he was one of the latest arrivals at the supper-table, and ate in stately solitude.

When, however, he went out on the broad piazza a little later, and looking through the windows, saw them sitting in the great parlor, he could not resist the temptation to join them. "After all," he said, "it is only to-night, after which she will go out of my life entirely." So he sauntered in, in his lazily graceful way, and took the vacant seat beside Emmie.

"Have you been dancing?" he asked.

Emmie answered with a little sigh of regret, "No, only twice. Roger doesn't care for it, and there is no one else."

"Take pity on me, then. I am partnerless. May I?—for the lancers?" Next moment, with Emmie's hand on his arm, he joined the dancers, and went through the figures "unexceptionably," as Emmie declared; and later stood beside her, laughing and talking lightly when the dance was over and she had resumed her seat.

"Listen!" she said, as the music began again. "How odd for them to play that,—the saddest of all sad things,—it is the 'Last Waltz of the Madman,' Rose."

Philip hesitated for a moment. Why should he not? She could but refuse; and it would be the last time. He turned toward her with a look almost of entreaty on his handsome face. "Will you?" he said—"Will you, Rose?"

He had never once called her by her new name—he *could* not—and the old name came so thoughtlessly. "I beg your pardon," he said, gravely. Without reply she rose and laid her hand on his arm.

That waltz,—could he ever forget it?—with that gold-crowned head almost resting on his shoulder—with that beautiful face so close to his own. For this brief space she was his. At last it came to him suddenly and sharply, that not one particle of the old love had died out, in spite of all his struggles, and the mantle of grim cynicism in which he had striven to envelop his better self: that, Roger Colchester's wife as she was, she was dearer to him than any other woman ever was, or ever could be.

"You are tired," he said, sharply, seeing the sudden pallor of her face as she looked up, wondering at his long silence. "Why did you not tell me?"

"It is so beautiful," she said, almost in a whisper,—"and so sad. Is it not heart-breaking?" There were tears in the great dark eyes as she turned her head away; but Philip, looking down at her, answered not a word.

"How white you are, Rose!" exclaimed Emmie, as they came back to her. "You should not have danced so long. Why did you let her?"—a little sharply—looking up at Philip. But Rose answered quietly that it was nothing, she was only a little tired, and she had not waltzed for so long,—so very long. She glanced at Philip; and he, meeting her eyes, thought of their last waltz together in the old days.

"The music is over for to-night," said Emmie, gathering her light cloak about her. "Early hours seem to be the rule at the 'Kearsarge,' for the piazza is deserted. It is lovely out there in the moonlight. Come!" And slipping her hand through Roger Colchester's arm, she led the way. "We're going to walk down to the 'Pagoda,'" she proclaimed, after a few minutes, looking back over her shoulder. "One wouldn't think it a prosaic *dépot*, by moonlight. You don't mind our leaving you for a short time, Rose, as you are too tired to go, do you? We'll be back directly." The next moment Rose and Philip were left alone together for the first time.

There was a moment of embarrassing silence as the two disappeared down the wide plank walk; and then Philip began to talk rapidly concerning the scenery, and especially old Kearsarge, as appearing by moonlight, the "cloud-effects" of the previous day, etc., until he saw the shimmering gleam of Emmie's dress in the distance, and knew she was returning. Then he turned to the woman beside him, with a sudden and entire change of manner.

"As you and I go our different ways to-morrow," he said, "I will bid you good-bye to-night; but before I go, I must say one thing which, perhaps, I ought not to say now, but which I ought to have said long ago. If, in the old days, I was domineering and exacting,—as I was,—I most sincerely beg your pardon. We did not part friends,—let us now,—and I wish you every happiness, Mrs. Colchester."

She was standing beside him, a fleecy shawl veiling her head and shoulders, her face turned away from him, and her dark eyes looking up at the far-away crown of Kearsarge; but, as he spoke that last word, she turned quickly, a vivid blush sweeping across her face, and looked up at him with a great wonderment in her wide eyes.

"I was in fault, too," she said, after a little pause, her voice trembling strangely. "I have regretted it bitterly since,—more than you can know,—and I,—Philip!—how could you think it?—I am not Mrs. Colchester. I thought you knew—it is Emmie."

Very soon after, Emmie, returning with her husband, was electrified by the sight of Rose—her proud, stately sister Rose—with her head pillowed on Philip van Dorne's broad shoulder, Philip's strong arm around her, and her beautiful face, no longer pale, but suspiciously rosy, looking up at him in a way which told of happiness and peace at last.

"It is all very well to go seeking one's fortune in foreign lands, Rose," said Philip to his wife, a few months afterward, "but I don't believe in it. I found my fortune (after a long search, though, I must confess) nearer home."

"Where?" asked Rose, looking up at him with a mischievous light in her great dark eyes.

"Under the shadow of Kearsarge, love,—at North Conway—and at the moment when I believed that I was bidding an eternal good-bye to another man's wife, I found my own." —*Florence P. Allen.*

TO OAKY HALL, AS ACTOR.

RIGHT well, for many a day, have you assumed
The needs and woes of others, in that field
Where legal honor oft to fame has bloomed,
And might to right at last been forced to yield.
To-day you change the stage, but not the task:
To feel and act for others, still is yours:
To wear the Thespian, not the legal mask,
And win a different cause by similar lures.
Do but the last as you have done the first,
With loving ardor and determined will,—
And new applause along your way will burst,
A world's retainers trying faith and skill,
While life's great truth once more you celebrate—
The way of doing, not the deed alone, is great.

—*John Hay Furness.*

THE MUSIC SEASON.

THE winter season opened with less flourish of trumpets than usual. Even Strakosch, whose instrument ordinarily is voiced louder than the original box of bad whistles known as the first Jubilee Organ, attuned his melody to a lower key, and piped somewhat modestly, for him, of the musical treasures he intended to import from foreign lands. There was a general feeling of uneasiness, the product of experience and a depressed money market. Strakosch recalled the cogent adage, "A burnt child dreads the fire," and informed the anxious public, indirectly, that if it wanted opera, it might organize a subscription in advance; and when he saw the money paid down he would see the opera put upon the boards in the very best style. Up to the present writing no action has been taken, and we are still without Italian opera.

The leading events of the season have been the appearance of Titiens and Von Bulow. Concerning the first, expectation was on tip-toe. Her great and protracted popularity in England, in concert, oratorio and opera, was well known on this side of the water. Probably no singer in Europe had for so long a period held such sway over her audiences. The apprehensions that age had affected her voice or decreased her powers were met by the fact that she still maintained supremacy on the English stage. So the music-loving public awaited impatiently her arrival, welcomed her with enthusiasm, and crammed the Hall at her first appearance. No audience was ever better disposed to give a prejudiced verdict in favor of a noted songstress. Without attempting a careful analysis of the causes, the result may be summed up in the single word—disappointment. There was in Titiens all of the queenly presence the fame of which had preceded her. But the voice was no longer that which had carried her to the summit of celebrity. Years had worn it; and although, at times, there were glimpses of its earlier fire and brilliancy, it was plain to all that it had passed its prime. But, said the friendly critics, wait until you have heard her in oratorio. The result was the same. The audiences, familiar with the grandeur and magnificence of Parepa-Rosa's musical utterances, drew comparisons unfavorable to Titiens, and wished they had heard her years ago. "But," resumed the friendly and patient critics, "we will wait until we can hear her in opera, where she can 'suit the action to the word, the word to the action;' there is her field, and in that she will show forth the hidden fire." We still hope to see her in opera, and to have our impressions removed. Certainly we feel no pleasure in speaking unfavorably of so notable a singer. It is not her fault that she is growing old; but that she should not have come here until her powers have begun to fail, is certainly her very great misfortune. America is not so far behind Europe in intelligent appreciation of artistic excellence, that it will accept as first class that which is not up to that standard. And we trust that it may be known and understood abroad, that an artist can not succeed here simply because at some time or other he or she had a great reputation in Europe.

Of Dr. Von Bulow's performances, one can not speak except in unqualified praise. Although unlike Rubinstein, with whom everybody, of course, sought to compare him, he is, as an executant, fully his equal. Indeed, in the passages requiring extreme delicacy of touch, Von Bulow seemed to us to be the superior of his Russian rival. On the other hand, in grand and majestic compositions, calling for great energy and brilliancy in execution, Rubinstein rose to higher enthusiasm, and carried his hearers with him. With Von Bulow, one forgets the performer, and is wholly absorbed in the performance. With Rubinstein, one is always conscious that he is in the presence of a great genius. And this seems to us to be the distinction between these two most remarkable pianists. The first is a player endowed with the keenest perceptive faculties, apparently intuitive; he sees the composer's meaning as if he were in close communion with him: the greatest difficulties are

overcome with consummate skill and ease. The latter is endowed with true genius. It is manifest in his look and in his actions. That this comparison is just, is evident, when we examine the compositions of the two. Rubinstein will be remembered by his works, not by his performances. Von Bulow will live in memory so long as his playing is not forgotten.

It certainly was unfortunate that the rivalry of two famous piano houses should have prevented Von Bulow from obtaining an orchestra competent to accompany him in the rendition of concertos and other works, which can not be properly interpreted without orchestral aid. It is generally known that this artist came out under the auspices of the Chickering; and it followed, as a matter of course, that he must play and duly advertise the Chickering piano. "Put none but Chickering's pianos on guard to-night," was the general order. "Picket carefully all your outposts. If a Steinway, or a Decker, a Stodart or an Arion approach, shoot it on the spot. Let no one falter! Chickering expects every man to do his duty!"

It happened, very inopportunistly, that the only orchestra which was fully prepared to supplement Von Bulow was under the direction of that irrepressible, and now indispensable conductor, Theodore Thomas. (We beg pardon of our readers for mentioning him so often; but, the fact is, it is well nigh impossible to write of current musical matters without bringing in his name). Thomas was ready to enter into an engagement by which the great pianist could make a tour of the country with his orchestra, and play on any piano he pleased, from an antique six and a half octave Stein, which tinkled in the ears of a generation back, to a—no, we can not commit ourselves on this vital question. But the young conductor coupled his consent with the single, and, it seems to us, not unreasonable condition, that the pianist should play at one of his Symphony Concerts, at Steinway Hall, where they had always been held. The pickets rallied on the reserve, and reported an attack imminent. A bulletin from the extreme front announced that the signal-officer had seen a Steinway banner advancing on General Von Bulow. The reserve was reinforced and skirmishers were thrown forward. At this juncture a messenger, bearing a flag of truce, desired to know if General Von Bulow was expected to play a Steinway piano in that hall. To which came the frank, and not very unseemly reply, that he could not play anything else there. A council of the combatants to fix another hall for the Symphony Concert at which General Von Bulow was to play, broke up without a satisfactory conclusion. "Well," said Major-General Chickering, "if he plays in Steinway Hall, he can not use a Steinway piano." "Very well," replied Major-General Thomas, "then we can not conclude the treaty;" and, striking his spurs into his horse-fiddle, he galloped off over the country, leaving General Von Bulow to get along the best he could—and it was a very poor best—without him. The Steinway banner was hauled down, and the troops were disbanded. Order reigns, and Von Bulow, with a full hand (of keys), goes it alone.

The old time-honored New York Philharmonic, venerable from age, and deserving of undying fame for the good it has done in the past, has held sway at the Academy of Music. Through long delay in making up its schedule, its concerts have sometimes occurred on the same evening with the Thomas Symphony Concerts—to the pecuniary detriment of the former. The Philharmonic has suffered, and still suffers, by comparison with the concerts just named; and while Thomas is playing to larger houses than ever before, the other, and much older organization, has less prosperity than formerly. No musician can hear this without genuine and heartfelt regret. The cities of New York and Brooklyn, which are practically one great metropolis of a million and a half souls, can support two orchestras organized and conducted as is Thomas's. The Philharmonic can never expect to rival Thomas, until it is remodeled and carried on on the same basis.

Although Italian opera has languished, the English has had a good success. It is quite worthy of note,

that both of the English companies are under the immediate control of two American *prime-donne*—"native and to the manner born"—Miss Adelaide Phillipps and Miss Clara Louise Kellogg. Of the former we can speak only from hearsay. The papers report it favorably. We have not had it in this vicinity. The Kellogg troupe played both in this city and in Brooklyn to good houses, and has had excellent success in the "provinces." The company is well organized. Miss Kellogg has a hold upon the American people which can not be easily weakened. She is thoroughly American, and excites the national pride wherever she goes. The burden, of course, falls upon her, although she is ably assisted by Madame Van Zandt, Mrs. Zelda Seguin, Miss Beaumont, Mr. Maas, Mr. Castle, and others. We miss Sher. Campbell; and it was impossible to listen to the "Bohemian Girl" without a twinge of sorrow that Campbell was not there to sing "The heart bowed down," with which his memory is so closely associated. The *répertoire* of this troupe is not very large, but is good. It includes "Mignon," "The Huguenots," "The Bohemian Girl," "Martha," and a new opera founded upon "The Colleen Bawn." Of the last, little can be said in praise. It will not take rank even with "The Bohemian Girl." The plot is Irish and amusing. The situations are good, the surprises frequent, and the climaxes in the Bowery style. The best music in it, is found in the familiar Irish songs introduced—as, for instance, "The Cruiskeen Lawn," which invariably "brings down the rafters." However, it finds many appreciative hearers, and bears the same relation to legitimate opera as the modern Franco-American drama does to Shakspeare.

Madame Antoinette Sterling Mackinlay's return to this country proved quite an ovation. With Thomas's orchestra, she visited many of the principal cities, and was cordially welcomed. She sang, likewise, at several concerts in New York, and also at the Brooklyn Philharmonic. Madame Sterling's voice has improved during her absence, and she seems more at ease on the stage than formerly. In the classic school of music she is particularly successful. Her voice is not adapted to the florid measures of Italian compositions. Her return to England, in December, was preceded by a testimonial concert, tendered by the mayor and leading merchants, clergymen, and *litterati* of New York.

England, which takes from us this admirable contralto, gave in return Miss Anna Drasdil, who, though a German, has spent several years of her professional life in London. Miss Drasdil possesses a contralto voice of extraordinary quality. It has marvelous depth and pathos. In the "Messiah," her rendition of the aria, "He was despised," creates always a profound impression, affecting many of the audience to tears. No vocalist has grown more rapidly in popular favor; and she is respected, not only for her artistic talent, but for her worth as a practical, reliable and sensible woman.

Miss Emma C. Thursby, another resident singer, has been heard constantly during the season. She has a high soprano, skillfully trained, flexible and penetrating. In the florid school, she especially excels, and her close application to study gives promise of her attaining a very high place among artists.

Three societies call for at least passing mention. The Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn maintains its high position, and its concerts are not surpassed by any. The Handel and Haydn Society, under Dr. Leopold Damrosch, has improved in the quality of its members, though there is still much room for improvement. It is very desirable that all the individuals comprising a chorus should not only have good voices, but know how to sing. The attempt to produce Dr. Damrosch's new oratorio was attended with unfavorable results. Not to put too fine a point on it, it was a failure, neither the chorus nor orchestra being properly acquainted with the work. True, it was exceedingly difficult; but no one knew that better than Dr. Damrosch, the conductor; and he, of all others, was competent to judge the calibre of his chorus. We believe the Brooklyn Handel and Haydn capable of doing good work, but it must bend its

energies more closely to it. The New York Oratorio Society is a better organization, but it is older, and has had the benefit of longer experience. The Centennial Oratorio Society, under George F. Bristow, has also made a favorable impression; and, altogether, there is better promise than ever before of a really successful choral organization, which may yet rival the famous Handel and Haydn of Boston.

Of minor concerts, there has been the usual supply. Not the least important of these were the Saturday afternoon Organ Concerts, at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and similar recitals on Thursdays, at Trinity Church, New York, by Henry Carter; and Holy Trinity, New York, under the direction of S. P. Warren. The first-named series reaches the one hundredth concert this month, when it is expected this event, unprecedented in the history of church organs in this country, will be duly celebrated. The frequent exhibition of the great organ in Plymouth Church has given an impetus to like exhibitions throughout the country, and the public has been greatly benefited and instructed by an acquaintance with the best organ music.

—Horatio C. King.

MRS. PRESTON'S "CARTOONS."

THIS handsome new volume of poems by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, lately issued by Roberts Brothers, Boston, deserves to have the principal fact connected with it stated at once and without any circumlocution, in saying that it is one of the most unexceptionable publications of the year—with a greater average of beauty to a smaller of objectionable feature or even mediocrity, than any rival volume within late recollection. As an additional charm, the title is well chosen and expressive, the poems being literally "cartoons" in the sense of dealing with pictures that have been painted, or incidents which naturally suggest the pictorial art. All, or very nearly all, are narrative in their form; and, when all is said, this is really the most delightful description of rhyme, except to a very small proportion of the reading world, who are either too wise or too far from wisdom fully to appreciate that feature without which children (and we are all children in many of our best characteristics, as well as in some of our worst) have no care whatever for book or conversation—its having, or failing to have, a "story in it." It sometimes needs the thinking twice, to remember how many of the masters of rhyme have found some of their most assured successes in poetry of the narrative form—how Scott's best are really all narrative; how nothing else of Byron's is so often read or so lovingly remembered, as his "Mazeppa," his "Prisoner of Chillon," and kindred relations; how Wordsworth was nothing when not acting as a *raconteur*, spite of his charming feeling for humanity, or perhaps on account of it; how Coleridge left nothing else behind him to be compared to that weird story, the "Ancient Mariner;" how (of later days) Poe never chained the heart or the imagination in any other form of mastery of the language, as in his wild narratives; and how nothing else of Tennyson's, Longfellow's or Whittier's is likely to live so long and be held so lovingly, as those links of historical remembrance, and those romantic relations, forming so large a proportion of the oftenest copied and most frequently quoted of their poems. Perhaps all this may be assertion wasted: perhaps the fact is thoroughly and generally understood; and yet the somewhat increasing tendency to consider the most impalpable rhyme the most suggestive of fully ripened talent or commanding genius, may give excuse for recording, here, what is an article of cardinal faith with at least a certain proportion of critical thinkers.

All this while necessarily nothing has been said as to the special characteristics of "Cartoons," the traditional character of which has given rise to the speculation. The volume exhibits three varieties of verbal picture, in three marked divisions: "Cartoons from the Life of the Old Masters," "Cartoons from the Life of the Legends," and "Cartoons from the Life of To-Day." In the first, we have somewhat curt but admirably told traditions and fancies of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Sebastian del Piombo, Raffaele

and Giulio Romano, Domenichino and Poussin, Albrecht Dürer, Murillo, Velasquez, Tintoretto, and others only less celebrated; and perhaps the very highest compliment is paid them in saying that while admirably told and embodying a certain proportion, of true poetry, each seems too short for the awakened interest. In the second division figure many of the antique ecclesiastical and other heroes and heroines, the highest precepts of true religion as distinguished from mere formalism, being taught throughout, and this second series appealing more closely to the common heart than the records (however notable) of the painters of long-past centuries. In the third division of the book, the life of to-day is much more nearly approached; and it is truth to say that in it the most touching appeals to the heart, in the entire volume, are made. It is difficult to keep down the choking sensation in the throat, that comes with the second reading of "Alpenglow;" that true religion which yet is to redeem the world, is bubbling to the surface in "Inasmuch," "Smitten," "Myrrh-Bearers," "The Grandest Deed," "Comforted," "The Grit of the Millstone," and so large a proportion of others that their naming seems likely to make a mere dry catalogue; while few nobler tributes are paid than those to Stonewall Jackson (in "Gone Forward" and "The Shade of the Trees"); to Agassiz; to the Hope of England (in "Sandringham"); to Matthew F. Maury (in "Through the Pass," of which the feeling is as grand as the noble natural reality); to Kingsley; and to John R. Thompson (in "Because"). Margaret Junkin Preston, however high her standing among the female poets of the country and the age, in "Cartoons" unquestionably takes higher rank in the regards of the thoughtful, and more abiding place among the Christian poets who have made the world of fancy better and purer while delighting it.

THE LITTLE VENUS.

SEATED on the door-steps, with my little brother and sister, one moonlight Sabbath evening, many years ago, in the city of Cincinnati, waiting for the return of the elder members of the family from church, we were accosted by a very plainly dressed man, with "Good evening, children; can I find your mother within?" "They are all gone to church," said one of us; but at the same time we all rose to make way for him to pass, having noticed something in his hand, wrapped in a silk bandana handkerchief. He went in, and began to undo the bundle. We gathered round him, with eager eyes, and when a small bust was exhibited to us, we cried out with one voice: "A little Venus!" "Is it like the big Venus?" he said, his eye lighting up with such a smile as very few eyes could show—seeming to feel the tribute of praise given by our enthusiastic recognition. "Oh, yes; only a thousand times prettier." The "big Venus" alluded to was a full-sized bust in plaster, loaned to him for a model, and the return for the favor was this fair creation of his own hands. After placing it on the mantel-piece, and playfully charging us to say nothing about it to the others, but to let them find it themselves, he left. We all knew him; and, influenced by an elder brother's admiration for him, who, with an artist's eye, saw the future glories that were to crown him, though as yet an humble worker in plaster, his name had become to us a synonym for genius, and we received the "little Venus" as a gift from an immortal. Did you ever see, when a new-born babe first nestles in a home, how the children crowd round it? How joyously each feature is scanned, each grace lauded, until the little unconscious thing becomes the sunbeam that lightens the whole dwelling? So "little Venus" nestled in our home, becoming the centre round which revolved all the dimpled smiles of childhood, and the graver admiration of age. A picture of quaint old Marvel's Nymph supporting her dying Fawn hung opposite, which before had elicited our deepest sympathies; but now, like other summer-day friends, we turned our backs upon the weeping Nymph, inconstant as her Sylvio. From that night the home favorite was the "little Venus," one of the early works of Hiram Powers. —J. L. Seaton.



ENTRANCE TO THE HIGHLANDS.—J. D. WOODWARD.